Sir *Thomas Overbury*

HIS

Syn.8.63.132

WIFE.

WITH

ADDITIONS

of New Characters, and many other Witty Conceits never before Printed.

The sixteenth Impression.

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LONDON,
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THO. WYKES.

119302

To the Reader.

THe generall acceptance of this matchleſſe Poem the Wife, (written by Sir THOMAS OVERBURIE) is ſufficiently approoved by many, the worth whereof if any other out of malice ſhall neglect to commend, hee may well (if it proceed from nice Criticiſme) bee excluded as a Churliſh Retainer to the Muſes: if from direct plaine dealing, hee ſhall bee degraded for inſufficiency. For had ſuch a Poem beene extant among the ancient Romanes, although they wanted our eaſie conſervations of wit by Printing, they would have committed it to braſſe, leſt injurious time deprive it of due eternity. If to converſe with a creature ſo

amiable as is here described, be thought difficult; let the contemplation thereof be held admirable. To which are added (this 16th impression) many new Characters, *and* Witty Conceits, *written by himselfe and others his friends. Howsoever, they are now exposed, not onely to the judicious, but to all that carry the least scruple of mother wit about them.*

Licet toto nunc Helicone frui —— Mar.

Lau. Lisle.

Elegies of ſeverall Authors, on the untimely death of Sir *Thomas Overbury*, poyſoned in the Tower.

Upon the untimely death of Sir *Thomas Overburie.*

'Twould eaſe our ſorrows, 'twould releaſe our teares,
Could we but heare thoſe high celeſtiall Spheres,
Once tune their Motions to a doleſull ſtraine,
In ſympathy of what we mortals plaine,
Or ſee their faire Intelligences *change*
Or face or habit, when blacke deeds, ſo ſtrange,
As might force pitty from the Heart of Hell,
Are hatcht by Monſters, which among us dwell.
The Stars me thinks like men inclinde to ſleep,
Should through their glorylall caſements ſcarcely peep,
Or at leaſt view us, but with halfe an eye,
For feare their chaſter Influence *might deſcry*
Some murdering hand, loaded in guiltleſſe blood,
Blending vile juices to deſtroy the good.
The Sunne ſhould wed his beames to endleſſe Night,
And in dull darkneſſe canopy his Light,
When from the ranke ſtewes of adulterous breſts,
Where every baſe unhallowed project reſts,

Is lockt, as in defiance of his shine,
A streame might make even Death it selfe to pine.
But those things happen still, but we're more cleare,
Nor with more lustre did these lamps appeare;
Mercury *capers with a winged heele,*
As if he did no touch of sorrow feele,
And yet he sees a true Mercurian kill'd,
Whose birth his Mansion with much honour fill'd.
But let me not mistake those pow'rs above,
Nor tax injuriously those Courts of Jove.
Surely, they joy to see these Acts reveal'd,
Which in blind silence have beene long conceal'd;
And Vertue now triumphant, whil'st we mourne
To thinke that, ere she was foule Vices scorne:
Or that poore Over-buries *bloud was made*
A sacrifice to Malice and darke shade.
Weston, *thy hand that* Couvre-feu Bell *did sway,*
Which did his life to endlesse sleep conveay.
But rest thou where thou art; Ile seeke no glory
By the relation of so sad a story.
If any more were privy to the deed,
And for the crime must be adjudg'd to bleed,
To Heaven I pray, with rear'd up hands and eyes,
That as their Bodies fall, their soules may rise:
And as those equally turne to one dust,
So these alike may shine among the just,
And there make up one glorious constellation,
Who suffered here in such a differing fashion.

D. T.

To

To the memory of the generally bewailed Gentleman, Sir *Thomas Overburie.*

BUt that w'are bound in Christian piety
To wish Gods will be done; and destiny
(In all that haps to Men, or good, or ill)
Suffer'd, or sent, by that implored Will; (Breath,
Me thinks, t'observe how Vertue drawes faint
Subject to slanders, Hate, and violent Death,
Wise men kept low, others advanc'd to State,
Right checkt by wrong, and ill men fortunate;
These mov'd Effects, from an unmoved Cause,
Might shake the firmest faith; Heavens fixed
Might casuall seem, & each irregular sense (Laws
Spurne at just Order, blame Gods Providence.
But what is man, expostulate the Intents
Of his high Will, or judge of Strange Events?
The rising Sun to mortall sight reveales
This earthly Globe; but yet the stars conceales;
So may the Sense discover Naturall Things;
Divine above the reach of Humane wings.
Then not the Fate, but Fates bad instrument
Doe I accuse in each sad accident: (come;
Good men must fall: rapes, incests, murders
But woe and curses follow them by whom:
God Authors all mens Actions, not their sin,
For that proceeds from dev'lish lust within.

Thou then that ſuffer'dſt by thoſe forms ſo vile,
From whom thoſe wicked Inſtruments did file
Thy droſſie part, to make thy Fame ſhine cleare,
And ſhrine thy ſoule in heavēs alglorious ſphere,
Who being good, nought leſſe to thee befell,
Though it appear'd diſguis'd in ſhape of Hell;
Vaniſh thy bloud and nerves; True life alone
In Vertue lives, and true Religion,
In both which thou art deadleſſe; O behold,
(If thou canſt looke ſo low as Earths baſe mold)
How dreadfull Juſtice (late with lingring foot)
Now comes like whirlewind! how it ſhakes the (root
Of lofty Cedars; make the ſtately Brow
Bend to the foot! how all men ſee that now
The breath of infamy doth move their ſailes;
Whiles thy deare name by loves more hearty
Shall ſtill keep wing, untill thy Fames extēt (gales
Fill ev'ry part of this vaſt Continent.
Then you the *Syre* of their murther'd Sonne,
Repine not at his Fate; ſince he hath wonne
More honour in his ſufferance: and his death
Succeeded by his vertues endleſſe Breath.
For him, and to his Life and Deaths example,
Love might erect a Statue; Zeale a Temple:
On his true worth the Muſes might be ſtaine,
To die his honours web in pureſt Graine.

C.B.

Upon the untimely Death of the Authour of this ingenious Poem, Sir *Thomas Overbury* Knight poyſoned in the Tower.

SO many *Moones*, ſo many times goe round,
And roſe from *Hell*, & *darknes* under ground,
And *yet till now, this darkned deed of Hell*
Not brought to light? O tardy *Heaven!* yet tell
If *Murther* laies him down to ſleep with *Luſt*
Or no? reveale, as *thou* art *Truth* and *Juſt*,
The *Secrets* of this unjuſt ſecure *Act*,
And what *our feares* make us ſuſpect *compact*
With greater deeds of miſchiefe: for alone
We thinke not *This*, and doe ſuſpect yet *One*,
To which compar'd, *This*, but a *falling Starre*;
That a bright *Firmament of Fire*: Thy Care
We ſee takes *meaner things*: It times the *World*,
The *Signes* at random through the *Zodiack* hurld,
The *Stars* wild wandring, & the glib quick *hinges*
Which turne both *Poles*, and all the *violent changes*
It over-looks, which trouble th'endleſſe courſe
Of the high Firmament: *by thy bleſt force*
Do hory winter froſts make foreſts bare, (paire,
And ſtraight to groves againe their ſhades re-

By

By *Thee* doth *Autumns*, *Lyons flaming Maine*
Ripen the fruits: and the full yeare sustaine
Her burthened powers: *O being still the same,*
Ruling so much, and under *whom* the frame
Of this vast world weigh'd all his *Orbes* doth
Why are thy Cares of men no more applide? (guide,
Or if: why seem'st thou sleeping to the *Good*,
And *guarding* to the *Ill?* as if the *brood*
Of best things still must Chance take in command;
And not thy *Providence*; and *Her blind Hand*
Thy *Benefits* erroniously disburse,
Which so let fall, ne're fall but to the *worse?*
Whence *so great crimes* commit the *Greater* sort,
And boldest acts of shame blaze in the *Court*,
Where *Buffones* worship in their *rise* of *State*
Those filthy *Scarabs*, whom they *Serve* and *Hate*,
Sure things meet *backward there*; *Humour* disgrast,
And *Vertue* laid by *Fraud*, and *Poison* wast:
The *Adult'rer up like Haman*, and so *Sainted:*
And *Females modestly* (as *Females*) painted,
Lost in all reall worth: what shall we say?
Things so farre out of frame, as if the day
Were come wherein another *Phaeton*
Stolne into *Phœbus waine*, had all misse-won
A cleane contrary way: O powerfull *God*,
Right all amisse, and set thy wonted period
Of *Goodnesse*, in his place againe: *This deed*
Be *Usher* to bring forth the *Marke*, and *Weed*,

Where-

Where-under blacker things lie hid perhap,
And yet have Hope to make a falſe eſcape.
Of *This* make knowne, why ſuch an inſtrument,
As *Weſton a poore ſerving-man* ſhould rent
The frame of *this ſad-good-mans* life: did he
Stand with this *Court-bred* learned OVERBURIE,
In ſtrife for an *Ambaſſadour-ſhip?* no, no,
His *Orbes* held no ſuch *light:* what, did he owe
The *Prophet* malice for compoſing *this*,
This Cynoſure in neat *Poeſis*,
How *Good*, and *Great* men ought, & *All*, to chuſe,
A *chaſte*, *fit noble Wife*, and the abuſe
Of *Strumpets* friendly ſhadowing in the ſame,
Was this his fault? or doth there lye a flame
Yet in the embers not unrak't, for which
He dy'de ſo falſly? *Heaven* we doe beſeech
Unlocke the ſecret, and bring all to view,
That Law may purge the bloud, Luſt made untrue.

W. S.

An Elegie consecrated to the memory of the truly worthy and learned Sir *Thomas Overbury* Knight.

HAd not thy wrong like to a wound ill cur'd
Broke forth in death; I had not bin assur'd
Of griefe enough to finish what I write.
These lines, as those which do in cold bloud fight,
Had come but faintly on; for, ever he
That shrines a name within an *Elegie*,
(Unlesse some neerer cause doe him aspire)
Kindles his bright flame at the *Funerall* fire.
Since passion (after lessening her extent)
Is then more strong, and so more eloquent.
How powerfull is the hand of *murther* now!
Wast not enough to see his deare life bow
Beneath her hate? but crushing that faire frame,
Attempt the like on his unspotted *Fame?*
O base revenge! more then inhumane fact!
Which (as the *Romanes* sometimes would enact
No doome for *Paricide*, supposing none
Could ever so offend) the upright *Throne*
Of *Justice* salves not: leaving that intent
Without a *Name*, without a *Punishment*.
Yet through thy wounded *Fame*, as thorow these
Glasses which multiply the *Species*,

We

We ſee thy vertues more than they become
So many *Statues* ſleeping on thy *Tombe*.
Wherein confinement new thou ſhalt endure,
But ſo, as when to make a *Pearle* more pure,
We give it to a *Dove*, in whoſe womb pent
Some time, we have it forth moſt orient.
Such is thy luſter now, that venom'd *Spight*
With her black ſoule dares not behold thy light,
But banning it, a courſe begins to runne
With thoſe that curſe the riſing of the *Sunne*.
The poyſon that works upwards now, ſhall ſtrive
To be thy faire *Fames* true *Preſervative*.
And Witchcraft, that can maske the *upper ſpheare*,
With no one clould ſhall blind a ray of thine.
And as the *Hebrewes* in an obſcure pit
Their *holy Fire* hid, not extinguiſh'd it,
And after-time, that brake their bondage chaine
Found it to fire their ſacrifice againe:
So lay thy *Worth* ſome while, but being found,
The *Muſes Altars* plentifull crown'd
With ſweet perfumes, by it new kindled be,
And offer all to thy deare Memory.
Nor have we loſt thee long: thou art not gone,
Nor canſt deſcend into *Oblivion*.
But twice the *Sun* went roũd ſince thy ſoule fled,
And only *that time* men ſhall terme thee dead.
Hereafter (rais'd to life) thou ſtill ſhalt have
An *Antidote* againſt the ſilent Grave.

W. B. Inſ. temp.

Upon the untimely Death of Sir *Thomas Overburie.*

IF for to live be but a misery,
If by death good men gaine eternity,
Twas friendly done in robbing thee of life,
To celebrate thy nuptials with thy Wife;
So that his will no other aime intended,
But by exchange thy life should be amended:
Yet wert to compasse his insatiate lust,
He this last friendship tendred to thee: trust
Whiles he dishonor'd and defam'd may die,
Justice and Fame, shall crowne thy memorie.

B. G. *medii Temp.*

In

In obitum intempeſtivum & lachrymabilem Illuſtriſſimi Equitis aurati, *Tho. Overburi*, magnæ ſpei & expectationis Viri.

HOwever windy miſchiefe raiſe up high
Darke thickning clouds, to powre upon us all
A tempeſt of foule rumours, which deſcry
Thy hard miſ-hap and ſtrange diſaſtrous fall,
As if thy wounds were bleeding from that hand,
Which rather ſhould have rais'd thee up to ſtand.

Yet ſhalt thou here ſurvive in pittying fame
In thy ſweet Wife, in theſe moſt acute lines,
In well reputed Characters of name,
And vertues tõbe, which all thine honour ſhrines
In ſpight of envy, or the proudeſt hate,
That thus hath ſet opinion at debate.

But for mine owne part, ſith it fals out ſo,
That death hath had her will; I now compare
It to a wanton hand, which at a throw
To breake a box of precious balme did dare:
With whoſe perfume, altho it was thus ſpild,
The houſe and commers by were better ſild.

Cap. *Tho. Gainsford.*

A memoriall,
Offered to that man of vertue, Sir *Tho. Overbury.*

ONce dead and twice alive; Death could not (frame
A death, whose sting could kill his fame.
He might have liv'd, had not the life which gave
Life to his life, betraid him to his grave.
If Greatnesse could consist in being Good,
His Goodnesse did adde titles to his blood.
Onely unhappy in his lives last fate,
In that he liv'd so soone, to dye so late.
Alas, whereto shall men oppressed trust,
When Innocence cannot protect the Just?
His error was his fault, his truth his end,
No enemy his ruine, but his friend. (breath,
Cold friendship, where hot vowes are but a
To guerdon poore simplicity with death:
Was never man, that felt the sense of griefe,
So Overburyed in safe beliefe:
Beliefe? O cruell slaughter! Times unbred
Will say, Who dies that is untimely dead,
By treachery, of lust, or by disgrace,
In friendship, 'twas but *Overburies* case: (prove
Which shall not more commend his truth than
Their guilt, who were his opposites in love.

Rest

Reſt happy Man; and in thy ſpheare of Aw
Behold how Juſtice ſwaies the ſword of Law
To weed out thoſe, whoſe hands imbrew'd in (bloud
Cropt off thy youth, & flower in the bud;
Sleep in thy peace: thus happy haſt thou prov'd,
Thou might'ſt have di'de more knowne, not more (belov'd.

Io. Fo.

Upon Sir *Tho. Overburie* the Author of this ingenious *Poem.*

HEſperides (*within whoſe gardens grow*
Apples of gold) *may well thy loſſe deplore:*
For in thoſe Gardens they could never ſhew
A tree ſo faire of ſuch a fruitfull ſtore.
Grace was the Root, and thou thy ſelfe the Tree,
Sweet counſels were the Berries grew on thee.

Wit was the branch that did adorne the Stocke,
Reaſon the Leaſe upon thoſe branches ſpred,
Under thy ſhadow did the Muſes *flocke,*
And (*by Thee*) *as a mantle covered*
But what befell, O, too much out of kind!
For thou waſt blaſted by a Weſt-on wind.

R. C.

Of Sir *Thomas Overburie* his *Wife* and *Marriage*.

WHen I behold this Wife of thine ſo faire,
So far remov'd from vulgar beauties (aire
Being leſſe bright and pure) me thinks I ſee
An uncloth'd Soule, by potent Alchymy
Extraught from ragged matter. Thou haſt made
A Wife more innocent than any Maide,
Eues's ſtate, before the fall, decyphered here,
And *Plato's* naked vertue's not more cleare
Such an *Idæa* as ſcarce wiſhes can
Arrive at, but our Hopes muſt ne're attaine
A Soule ſo far beyond the the common Make
As ſcorn'd corporeall joyning. For her ſake
(Deſpairing elſe cõtract) Thou too turn'ſt Soule;
And to enjoy her faires without controule,
Caſt'ſt off this bodies clog: ſo muſt all do,
Caſt matter off, who would abſtractions woo.
To flie ſo ſoone then (Soule) wel haſt thou done:
For in this life, ſuch beauties are not wone.
But when I call to mind thine unripe fall,
And ſo ſad ſummons to thy Nuptiall,
Either, in her thy bold deſires did taſte
Forbidden fruit, and have this Curſe purchaſt.
Or, having this Elixir made thine owne
(Drawne from the remnant of Creation,)

The

The *faces* their malignant Spirits breathe,
To puniſh thine ambitious love with death.
Or, thy much envide choyce hath made the reſt
Of Concrete Relicts point their aymes inſeſt
To thy concluſion. And with them ſeduc'd
Friendſhip (diſpleas'd to ſee a Love produc'd
Leſſe carnall than it ſelfe) with policy
So pure and chaſte a Love to nullifie.
Yet howſoe'r, their project flies in ſmoke
The poyſon's cordiall,
which they meant ſhould choke:
Their deeds of darknes, like the Bridall Night,
Have joyn'd ſpirituall Lovers in deſpight
Of falſe attempts: And now the wedding's done;
When in this life ſuch faires had not bin won.

E.G.

To the Booke.

THou wofull Widdow, once a happy wife,
That didſt enjoy ſo ſweet a Mate:
Who, now bereaved is of Life,
Untimely wrought, through inward hate.
O Deed moſt vile, to haſte the end
Of him, that was ſo good a friend!

F.H.

On this excellent Poem, the *Wife*.

LOe here the matchleſſe patterne of a Wife,
Diſciphered in forme of Good, and Bad:
The Bad commends the Good, as dark doth light,
Or as a loathed Bed a ſingle Life;
The good, with wiſdome and diſcretion clad
With Modeſty, and faire demeanour dight,
Whoſe reaſon doth her will to love invite.

Reaſon begot, and paſſion bred her Love,
Self-will She ſhun'd, Fitnes the Marriage made;
Fitnes doth cheriſh Love, Selfe-will Debate.
Loe thus, and in this Monument of prooſe
A perfect Wife a Worke nor time can fade,
Nor looſe reſpect betray to mortall Fate.
This none can equall; Beſt, but imitate.

R C.

On Sir *Thomas Overburies* Poem, *the Wife.*

I Am glad yet ere I die, I have found occaſion
Honeſt & juſt, without the worlds perſwaſion,
Or flattery or bribery, to commend
A woman for her goodneſſe; and God ſend
I may find many more: I wiſh them well (fell,
They are pretty things to play with; when *Eve*
She tooke a care that all the Women-kind
That were to follow her, ſhould be as blind
As ſhe was wilfull; and till this good wife,
This peece of Vertues that ne're tooke her life
From a fraile Mothers labour: Thoſe ſtand ſtill
As marginals to point us to our ill,
Came to the worle, as other creatures doe,
That know no God but will; we learn'd to woo.
And if ſhe were but faire, and could but kiſſe;
Twenty to one we could not chuſe amiſſe;
And as we judge of trees, if ſtraight and tall
That may be ſound, yet never till the fall
Find how the raine hath drill'd them; ſo till now
We only knew we muſt love; but not how:
But here we have example, and ſo rare,
That if we hold but common ſenſe and care,
And ſteere by this Card; he that goes awry,
Ile boldly ſay at his Nativity,

That man was seal'd a foole: yet all this good
Given as it is, not cloath'd in flesh and blood,
Some may averre and strongly, 'twas meere ment
In way of practice, but not president;
Either will make us happy men; for he
That marrieth any way this mystery,
Or any parcell of that benefit,
Though he take hold of nothing but the wit,
Hath got himselfe a partner for his life,
More than a woman, better than a Wife.

I. F.

Ejusdem in Eadem.

AS from a man the first frayle woman came,
The first that ever made us know our shame,
And find the curse of labour; so againe,
Goodnesse and understanding found a Man
To take this shame away; and from him sprong
A peece of excellence without a Tongue,
Because it should not wrong us; yet the life
Makes it appeare, a woman and a Wife.
And this is shee, if ever woman shall
Doe good hereafter; borne to blesse our fall.

J. F.

On

On Sir *Thomas Overburies* Poem, *the Wife.*

WEre every beauty, every ſeverall grace,
Which is in women, in one womans face,
Som courtly Gallants might, I think, come to her,
Which would not wed her, tho they ſeem'd to woo her.
Settled affections follow not the Eye,
Reaſon and Judgement muſt their courſe deſcry.
Pigmalions Image made of marble ſtone,
Was lik'd of all, belov'd of him alone,
But here's a Dame growne husbandleſſe of late,
Which not a man but wiſhed were his Mate.
So faire without, ſo free from ſpot within,
That earth ſeemes here to ſtand exempt from ſin.
Juno vouchſafe, and *Hymen*, when I wed,
I may behold this Widdow in my Bed.

D. T.

On the Wife.

BEauty affords contentment to the Eye,
Riches are meanes to cure a weake eſtate,
Honour illuſtrates what it commeth nie:
To marry thus, mē count it happy fate. (ſhroud,
Vertue they think doth in theſe Emblemes
But triall ſhewes the'are gulled with a Cloud.

Theſe are but complements; the inward worth,
The outward carriage, geſture, with, and grace,
Is that alone that ſets a Woman forth:
And in this woman, theſe have each a place.
Were all wives ſuch: This age would happy be,
But happier that of our Poſteritie.

D. T.

On the Wife.

WEll haſt thou ſaid, that women ſhould be ſuch;
And were they that, had but a third as much,
I would be marri'd too, but that I know
Not what ſhe is, but ſhould be thou doſt ſhow:
So let me praiſe thy worke, and let my life
Be ſingle, or thy Widow be my Wife.

X. Z.

On the Wife.

THis perfect Creature, to the Eastleene use
Liv'd, whilst a wife retir'd from common shew:
Not that her Lover fear'd the least abuse,
But with the wisest knew it fitter so:
Since, false a widow, and a zealous one,
She would have sacrific'de her selfe agen,
But importun'd to life, is now alone,
Lov'd, woo'd, admir'd, by all wise single men.
Which, to th'adulterous rest, that dare begin
Their us'd temptations, were a mortall sin.

To the VVife.

EXpos'd to all thou wilt lesse worthy seeme,
I feare: Wives common, all men disesteeme,
Yet some things have a diffring Fate: some fret.
We doubt of wares which are in corners set:
Hid Medals rust, which being us'd grow bright;
The day more friendeth vertue than the night.
Thou the more common, than maist seem more
I only wish thou maist be understood. (good,

G. R.

To the cleane contrary Wife.

LOok here: & chide those spirits which main-(taine
Their empire, with a strong cõmand in you,
That all good eyes, which do your follies view,
Pitty, what you for them must once sustaine:
O from those Evils, which free Soules disdaine
To be acquainted with, (and but pursue
Worst Minds) from them (as hatefull as untrue.)
By reading this, for Fames faire sake refraine:
Who would let feed upon her birth, the brood
Of lightnesse, indiscretion, and the shame
Of foule incontinence, when the base blood
Is careless onely of an Honour'd Name?
Be all that gentle are, more high Improv'd,
For loose Dames are but flatter'd, never Lov'd.

W. Stra.

Of the choyce of a Wife.

IF I were to chuſe a Woman,
As who knowes but I may marry?
I would truſt the eye of no man,
Nor a tongue that may miſcarry:
For in way of love and Glory,
Each tongue beſt tells his owne ſtory.

Firſt, to make my choyce the bolder,
I would have her childe to ſuch,
Whoſe free vertues lives are older
When Antiquity can touch:
For 'tis ſeldome ſeene, that blood
Gives a beauty great and good.

Yet an ancient ſtock may bring
Branches, I confeſſe, of worth,
Like rich mantles ſhadowing
Thoſe deſcents that brought them forth,
Yet ſuch Hills, though gilded ſhow,
Sooneſt feele the Age of ſnow.

Therefore

Therefore to prevent such care
That repentance soone may bring,
Like Marchants I would choose my ware,
Use-full good, *not glittering.*
He that weds for state or face,
Buyes a Horse, to lose a Race.

Yet I would have her faire as any,
But her owne not kist away:
I would have her free to many,
Looke on all like equall day;
But descending to the Sea,
Make her set with none but me.

If she be not tall, 'tis better;
For that word, A goodly Woman,
Prints it selfe in such a letter,
That it leaves unstudied no man:
I would have my Mistris grow,
Onely tall to answer No.

Yet I would not have her loſe
So much breeding, as to fling
Unbecomming ſcorne on thoſe
That muſt worſhip every thing.
Let her feare looſe lookes to ſcatter:
And looſe men will feare to flatter.

Children I would have her beare,
More for love of name than bed:
So each child I have his heyre
To another mayden-head;
For ſhe that in the Act's afraid,
Every night's another maid.

Such a one, as when ſhee's woo'd,
Bluſhes not for ill thoughts paſt;
But ſo innocently good,
That her dreames are ever chaſt;
For that Maid that thinks a ſin
Has betraid the Fort ſhee's in

Of the choyce of a Wife.

In my visitation still,
I would have her scatter feares,
How this man, and that was ill,
After protestations Teares:
And who vowes a constant life,
Crownes a meritorious Wife.

When the Priest first gives our hands,
I would have her thinke but thus;
In what high and holy bands
Heaven, like twins, hath planted us,
That like Aarons *rod, together*
Both may bud; grow greene, and wither.

An

An *Elegie* in praiſe of Sir *Thomas Overburie*, and his *Poem*.

'TIs dangerous to be *good:* well may we praiſe
Honeſty, or *Innocence*; but who can raiſe
A pow'r, that ſhall ſecur't gainſt wrõgs to come,
When ſuch a *Saint* hath ſuffer'd *Martyrdome?*
Injurious hãds, which cauſe they could not get
The *gemme*, would therefore ſpoile the *Cabinet*.
But though the *cage* be broke, the *bird* is flowne
To *heaven* her proper and ſecurer home:
Where 'mongſt a quire of *Saints*, and *Cherubins*,
Of *Angels*, *Thrones*, and *Seraphins*, ſhe ſings
Thoſe ſacred *Halelujahs:* heaven may boaſt
T'have got that Angel there which we have loſt:
But we ſhall ſtill complaine, for to us *here*,
A *Saint* is more loſſe than a *Throne* is *there*.
That *Firmament* of holy *fires* which we
Enjoy'd, whilſt thou wert, by enjoying thee,
Lyes now rak't up in *aſhes*, as the light
Of day, the Sunne once gon, is drownd in night.
But as the *Moone*, ſometime, the *Sunne* being ſet,
Appeares, and we a new (though leſſe) light get;
So though our greateſt *lampe* of vertue be,
By cruell Fate *extinguiſhed*, in thee,
Yet to adde ſome freſh *oyle* t'our *ſnuffe* of life,
Thou haſt behind thee, left a matchleſſe *Wife:*

Who

Who hath (ſince that ſad time her Husband di'd)
Beene woo'd by many, for a ſecond bride:
But like a chaſte religious widow, ſhe
Having loſt her firſt mate, ſcornes *bigamie*

P. B. *medii Temp.*

A *Statue* erected in memory of Sir *Thomas Overburie* his *Wife.*

VPon a *Marble* fram'd byth' cunningſt hand
In garments greene, and orient to behold,
Like a moſt lovely *Virgin* let her ſtand,
And on her head a crowne of pureſt gold.
Firſt, let religion in her heart have place, (ſpring,
As th' ground and fountaine whence all vertues
So that each thought being ſanctified by Grace:
The puniſhment t'eſcape, that's due to ſinne.
Let *Beauty* (joyn'd with modeſty) appeare
Loves object in her face; and chaſtity
In her faire *eyes*, brighter than chryſtall cleare,
Wherein life moves affections, led *thereby.*
In her hands *Charity*, and at the right
The holy Angels let protecting be:

And

And at the left Gods mercies ſhining bright,
Diſtributing to each neceſſity.
Let th'earth his riches yeeld to her, and more
The heavens their influence, and by the ſame
Unto the blind their ſight let her reſtore;
Strengthning the weak, and raiſing up the lame,
Under her feet the Devill and darkneſſe ſet,
Let Pride faſt bound in chaines behind her lye,
Baſe ſelfe-Love, not appeare in place, and let
Foule-Luſt, and *Envy* from her preſence flie,
And on her *Breſt*, in golden letters write
Heavens beſt belov'd, earths chiefeſt delight.

(Wife,
Hee that (in's Choice) would meet with ſuch a
Muſt vow virginity and ſingle life.

On Sir *Thomas Overbury* and his *Wife*.

All right, all wrong befals me through a Wife,
A Bad one gate me Death, a Good one Life.

An Elegy upon the Death of Sir *Thomas Overbury* Knight, poysoned in the Tower.

HAdſt thou like other Sirs and Knights of worth,
Sickned and dide, bin ſtretcht out, and laid forth;
After thy farewell Sermon taken earth,
And left no deed to praiſe thee, but thy birth,
Then Overbury, *by a paſſe of theirs,*
Thou might'ſt have tyded hence in two houres teares,
Then had we worne the ſprigs of memory
No longer than thy friends did Roſemary;
Or than the doale was eating for thy ſake,
And thou hadſt ſunke in thine owne wine and cake:
But ſince it was ſo ordered and thought fit
By ſome who knew thy truth, and fear'd thy wit,
Thou ſhouldſt be poiſon'd; Death hath done thee grace,
Ranckt thee above the region of thy place,
For none heares poyſon nam'd, but makes reply
What Prince was that? what States-man ſo did die?
In this thou haſt out-dyde an Elegy,
Which were too narrow for poſterity,
And thy ſtrong poyſon which did ſeeme to kill,
Working afreſh in ſome Hiſtorians quill,
Shall now preſerve thee longer ere thou rot,
Than could a Poem mixt with Antidot;

Nor

Nor need'ſt thou truſt a Herauld with thy name,
That art the voyce of Juſtice and of Fame;
Whilſt ſinne (deteſting her owne conſcience) ſtrives
To pay the uſe and intereſt of lives.
Enough of ryme, and might it pleaſe the Law,
Enough of blood; for naming lives I ſaw,
He that writes more of thee, muſt write of more,
Which I affect not, but reſerve them ore
To Tyburne, by whoſe Art they may deſine
What life of man is worth in valewing thine.

J. M.

On Sir *Tho. Overbury.*

THough dumb, deaf, dead, I cry, I heare, I kill:
Thus growne a Politician 'gainſt my will.

J. M.

An Elegy on the late *Lord William Howard*, Baron of Effingham, dead the 10. of *December*, 1615.

I Did not know thee, Lord, nor doe I ſtrive
To winne acceſſe, or grace, with Lords alive:
The dead I ſerve, from whence nor faction can
Move me, nor favour: nor a greater man.
To whom no vice commends me, nor bribe ſent,
From whom no Penance warnes, nor portion
To theſe I dedicate as much of me (ſpent,
As I can ſpare from my own husbandry:
And till Ghoſts walk, as they were wont to doe,
I trade for ſome, and doe theſe errants too.
But firſt I doe enquire, and am aſſur'd,
What tryals in their Journeys they endur'd,
What certainties of Honor & of worth, (forth,
Their moſt uncertaine Life-times have brought
And whoſo did leaſt hurt of this ſmall ſtore,
He is my patron, dy'd he rich or poore.
Firſt I will know of Fame (after his peace,
When Flattery and envy both doe ceaſe)
Who rul'd his actions: Reaſon, or my Lord?
Did the whole man relie upon a word,
A badge of Title, or above all chance
Seem'd he as Ancient as his Cogniſance?

What

What did he? acts of mercie; and refraine
Oppreſſion in himſelfe, and in his Traine?
Was his eſſentiall Table full as free
As boaſts and invitations uſe to be?
Where if his Ruſſet-friend did chance to dine,
Whether his Satten-man would fill him wine.
Did he thinke perjurie as lov'd a ſinne,
Himſelfe forſworne, as if his ſlave had beene?
Did he ſeeke regular pleaſures? was he knowne
Juſt Husband of one Wife, and ſhe his owne?
Did he give freely without pauſe, or doubt,
And read petitions, ere they were worne out?
Or ſhould his well-deſerving *Client* aske,
Would he beſtow a Tilting, or a Maske
To keep need vertuous? And that done not feare
What Lady damn'd him for his abſence there?
Did he attend the Court for no mans fall?
Wore he the ruine of no Hoſpitall?
And when he did his rich apparrell don,
Put he no Widdow nor an Orphan on?
Did he love ſimple vertue for the thing,
The King for no reſpect but for the King?
But above all, did his Religion wait
Upon Gods Throne, or on the chaire of ſtate?
He that is guiltie of no *Quære* here,
Out-laſts his Epitaph, out-lives his Heire.
But there is none ſuch, none ſo little bad,
VVho but this negative goodneſſe ever had?

Of ſuch a Lord we may expect the birth,
He's rather in the wombe than on the earth.
And 'twere a Crime in ſuch a publike ſate,
For one to live well and degenerate:
And therefore I am angry, when a name
Comes to upbraid the World like *Effingham*.
Nor was it modeſt in thee to depart
To thy eternall home, where now thou art,
Ere thy reproach was ready: or to dye,
Ere cuſtome had prepar'd thy calumny.
Eight dayes have paſt ſince thou haſt paid thy (debt
To ſin, and not a libell ſtirring yet,
Courtiers that ſcoffe by Patent, ſilent ſit,
And have no uſe of Slander, or of wit: (tide,
But (which is monſtrous) though againſt the
The Water-men have neither rayld nor lide.
Of good and bad there's no diſtinction knowne,
For in thy praiſe the good and bad are one.
It ſeemes we all are covetous of Fame,
And hearing what a purchaſe of good name
Thou lately mad'ſt, are carefull to increaſe
Our title by the holding of ſome leaſe (crue
From thee our Land-lord, and for that th' whole
Speake now like Tenants ready to renew:
It were too ſad to tell thy pedegree,
Death hath diſordred all, miſplacing thee,
Whilſt now thy Herauld in his line of heires
Blots out thy name, & fils the ſpace with teares.

And

And thus hath cõqu'ring death, or nature rather,
Made thee prepoſtrous ancient to thy Father,
Who grieves th'art ſo, and like a glorious light
Shines ore thy Hearſe.
He therefore that would write
And blaze thee throughly, may at once ſay all,
Here lies the Anchor of our Admirall.
Let others write for glory or reward,
Truth is well paid, when ſhe is ſung and heard.

Ad Comitiſſam Rutlandiæ.

MAdame, ſo may my verſes pleaſing be,
So you may laugh at them, and not at me.
'Tis ſomething to you gladly I would ſay,
But how to do't, I cannot find the way.
I would avoid the common beaten waies
To Woman uſed, which are love or praiſe:
As for the firſt, the little wit I have,
Is not yet growne ſo neere unto the grave,
But that I can by that dimme fading light,
Perceive of what, and unto whom I write.
Let ſuch as in a hopeleſſe witleſſe rage,
Can ſigh a quire, and read it to a Page;
Such as can make ten Sonnets ere they reſt,
When each is but a great blot at the beſt:
Such as do backs of books and windowes fill,
With their too furious Diamond or quill;

Such as were well reſolv'd to end their daies
With a loud laughter blown beyond the Seas;
Who are ſo mortifide, that they can live
Contemn'd of all the world, and yet forgive.
Write love to you: I would not willingly
Be pointed at in every company,
As was that little Taylor, who till death,
Was hot in love with *Qu. Elizabeth*:
And for the laſt in all my idle dayes,
I never yet did living woman praiſe
In proſe or verſe: and when I doe beginne,
Ile pick ſome woman out, as full of ſinne
As you are full of vertue, with a ſoule
As black, as yours is white: a face as foule
As yours is beautifull; for it ſhall be,
Out of the rules of Phiſiognomie
So farre, that I doe feare I muſt diſplace
The Art a little, to let in her face:
It ſhall at leaſt foure faces be below
The Devils; and her parched corps ſhall ſhow,
In her looſe skin, as if ſome ſprite ſhe were,
Kept in a bag by ſome great Conjurer:
Her breath ſhall be as horrible and vild,
As ev'rie word you ſpeake is ſweet and mild:
It ſhall be ſuch a one, as will not be
Cover'd with any art or policie.
But let her take all powders, fumes, and drinke,
She ſhall make nothing but a dearer ſtinke.

She

She ſhall have ſuch a foot, and ſuch a noſe,
As will not ſtand in any thing but proſe:
If I beſtow my praiſes upon ſuch,
'Tis Charitie, and I ſhall merit much.
My praiſe will come to her like a full boule,
Beſtow'd at moſt need on a thirſtie ſoule;
Where if I ſing your praiſes in my Ryme,
I loſe my inke, my paper, and my time;
And nothing adde to your o're-flowing ſtore,
And tell you nought but what you knew before.
Nor doe the vertuous minded (which I ſweare,
Madame, I thinke you are) endure to heare
Their owne perfections into queſtions brought,
But ſtop their eares at them; for if I thought
You tooke a pride to have your vertues knowne,
Pardon me, Madam, I ſhould thinke them none.
To what a length is this ſtrange letter growne,
In ſeeking of a ſubject, yet findes none?
But your brave thoughts, which I ſo much reſpect
Above your glorious titles, ſhall accept
Theſe harſh diſorder'd lines, I ſhall ere long
Dreſſe vp your vertues new, in a new ſong;
Yet far from all baſe praiſe and flatterie,
Although I know what ere my Verſes be,
They will like the moſt ſervile flatt'rie ſhow,
If I write truth, and make the ſubject you.

An

An Elegy on the Death of the Lady *Rutland*.

I May forget to drinke, to eat, to ſleepe,
Remembring thee, but when I doe, to weepe,
In well weigh'd lines, that men ſhall at thy hearſe
Envy the ſorrow which brought forth my verſe;
May my dull underſtanding have the might,
Only to know her laſt was yeſternight?
Rutland the faire is dead, or if to heare
The name of *Sidney* will more force a teare,
Tis ſhe that is ſo dead; and yet there be
Some more alive profeſſe not poetrie:
The States-men and the Lawyers of our time
Have buſineſſe ſtill, yet doe it not in rime:
Can ſhe be dead, and can there be of thoſe
That are ſo dull, to ſay their prayers in proſe?
It is three daies ſince ſhe did feele Deaths hand,
And yet this Iſle not call the Poets Land?
Hath this no new ones made, and are the old
At ſuch a needfull time as this growne cold?
They all ſay they would faine, but yet they plead
They cannot write, becauſe their Muſe is dead.
Heare me then ſpeak which will take no excuſe,
Sorrow can make a verſe without a Muſe.

Why

Why didſt thou die ſo ſoone? O pardon me,
I know, it was the longeſt life to thee,
That ere with modeſty was cald a ſpan,
Since the Almighty left to ſtrive with man;
Mankind is ſent to ſorrow; and thou haſt
More of the buſines which thou cam'ſt for paſt,
Than all thoſe aged Women which yet quicke
Have quite out-liv'd their own Arithmeticke,
As ſoone as thou couldſt apprehend a griefe,
There were enow to meet thee, and the chiefe
Bleſſing of women; mariage was to thee
Nought but a ſacrament of miſerie:
For whom thou hadſt, if we may truſt to Fame,
Could nothing change about thee, but thy name,
A name which who (that were again to doo't)
Would change without a thouſand joyes to boot:
In all things elſe: thou rather ledſt a life
Like a betrothed Virgin than a Wife.
But yet I would have cald thy Fortune kind,
If it had only tride the ſettled mind
With preſent croſſes; Not the loathed thought
Of worſe to come, or paſt, thē might have wroght
Thy beſt remembrance to have caſt an eie
Back with delight upon thine infancie:
But thou had'ſt ere thou knew'ſt the uſe of teares
Sorrow laid up againſt thou comſt to yeares,
Ere thou wert able, who thou wert to tell,
By a ſad warre thy noble Father fell.

In

In a dull clime which did not understand
What 'twas to venture him, to save a Land;
He left two children, who for vertue, wit,
Beautie, were lov'd of all; Thee and his wit;
Two was too few, yet death hath from us tooke
Thee, a more faultlesse issue, than his Booke,
Which now the onely living thing we have
From him, wee'll see, shall never finde a grave
As thou hast done: alas, would it might be,
That bookns their sexes had as well as we,
That we might see this married to the worth,
And many Poems like it selfe bring forth:
But this vaine wish Divinitie controules,
For neither to the Angels, nor to soules,
Nor any thing he meant should ever live,
Did the wise God of Nature sexes give;
Then with his everlasting worke alone
We must content our selves, since she is gone;
Gone like the day thou dyedst upon, and wee
May call that back againe as soone as thee. (all
Who should have lookt to this? where were you
That doe your selves, the helps of Nature call,
Physicians? I acknowledge you were there,
To tell such words as one in health would heare:
So dy'd she: Curst be he who shall defend
Your Art of hastning Nature to an end.
In this you shew'd that Physick can but be
At best, an Art to cure your povertie.

Y'are

Y'are many of you Impoſtors, and doe give
To ſicke men potions that your ſelves may live.
He that hath ſurfeited, and cannot eat,
Muſt have a méd'cine to procure you meat,
And that's the deepeſt ground of all your skill,
Unleſſe it be ſome knowledge how to kill.
Sorrow and madneſſe make my verſes flow
Croſſe to my underſtanding. For I know
You can doe wonders; every day I meet
The looſer ſort of people in the ſtreet
From deſperate diſeaſes freed, and why
Reſtore you them, and ſuffer her to dye?
Why ſhould the State allow you Colleges,
Penſions for Lectures, and Anatomies?
If all your potions, vomits, letting blood,
Can onely cure the bad, and not the good?
Which only they can doe, and I will ſhow
The hidden reaſon why you did not know
The way to cure her. You beleev'd her blood
Ran in ſuch courſes as you underſtood,
By Lectures you beleev'd her Arteries
Grew as they doe in your Anatomies,
Forgetting that the State allowes you none,
But onely whores and theeves to practiſe on:
And every paſſage 'bout them I am ſure
You underſtood, and only them can cure,
Which is the cauſe that both——
Are noted for enjoying ſo long lives.

But

But noble blood treads in too ſtrange a path
For your ill-got Experience; and hath
Another way of cure. If you have ſeene
Penelope diſſected, or the Queene
Of *Sheba*, then you might have found a way
To have preſerved from that fatall day.
As 'tis. You have but made her ſooner bleſt,
By ſending her to heaven, where let her reſt.
I will not hurt the peace which ſhee ſhould
By longer looking in her quiet grave. (have,

FINIS.

The Method.

First, of Mariage, and the effect thereof; Children. Then of his contrary, Lust; *then for his choyce, first, his opinion negatively, what should not be: the First, causes of it, that is, neither* Beauty, Birth, *nor* Portion. *Then affirmative, what should be, of which kind there are foure:* Goodnesse, Knowledge, Discretion, *and as a second thing,* Beauty. *The first only absolutely good: the other being built upon the first, doe likewise become so. Then the application of that woman by love to himselfe, which makes her a Wife. And lastly, the only condition of a Wife,* Fitnesse.

A WIFE.

EAch Woman is a *briefe* of Womankind,
And doth in little even as much containe,
As, in one Day and Night, all life we find,
Of either, More, is but the same againe:
God fram'd Her so, that to her *Husband* She,
As *Eve*, should all the *world of Woman be.*

So

A WIFE.

So fram'd he *Both*, that *neither* power he gave
Uſe of themſelves, but by *exchange* to make:
Whence in their face, the *Faire* no pleaſure have,
But by *reflex* of what thence *other* take.
Our Lips in their own Kiſſe no pleaſure find:
Toward their proper Face, our eies are blind.

So God in *Eve* did *perfect* Man, *begun*;
Till then, in vaine much of himſelfe he had:
In *Adam*, God created only *one*,
Eve & the *world to come*, in *Eve* he made. (ſtraies,
We are *two halfes*: whiles each from other
Both barren are; *Joind, both* their *like* can raiſe.

At firſt, both *Sexes* were in *Man* combinde,
Man, *She-Man* did with in his body breed;
Adam was *Eves*, *Eve* Mother of Mankinde,
Eve from *Live-fleſh*, Man did from *Duſt* proceed.
One, thus made *two*, *Mariage* doth re-unite,
And makes them both but one *Hermaphrodite*.

Man

A WIFE.

Man did but the *well-being* of this life
From *Woman* take; her *Being* ſhe from *Man:*
And therefore *Eve* created was a Wife,
And at the end of all her *Sex*, began:
Mariage their object is: their *Being* then,
And now *perfection*, they receive from *Men.*

Mariage; to all whoſe joyes *two parties* be,
And *doubled* are by being parted ſo,
Wherein the very *Act* is Chaſtity,
Whereby *two ſoules* into one *body* go.
Which makes *two*, *one*; while here they living be,
And after death in their *poſterity.*

God to *each Man a private Woman* gave,
That in that *Center* his *deſires* might ſtint,
That he a *comfort* like himſelfe might have,
And that on her *his like* he might *imprint.*
Double is Womans *uſe*, part of their end,
Doth on *this Age*, part on the next depend.

A WIFE.

We fill but *part* of *time*, and cannot dye,
Till we the world a *fresh supply* have lent.
Children are bodies sole *Eternity*.;
Nature is *Gods*, *Art* is *mans* instrument.
Now all *mans Art* but only dead things makes,
But herein *man* in things of *life* partakes.

For wandring *lust*; I know 'tis infinite,
It still begins, and addes not more to more,
The *guilt* is everlasting, the *delight*,
This instant doth not feele, of *that* before.
The *taste* of it is only in the *Sense*,
The *operation* in the *conscience*.

Woman is not *lusts bounds*, but *Woman kinde*;
One is *loves number*: who from that doth fall,
Hath lost his hold, and no *new suit* shall find;
Vice hath no meane, but not to be at all.
A *Wife* is that *enough*; *Lust* cannot find;
For *Lust* is still with *want*, or *too much*, *pin'd*.

Bate

A WIFE.

Bate *luſt* the Sin, my ſhare is ev'n with his,
For *Not to luſt*, and to *Enjoy* is one:
And more or leſſe paſt, *equall* nothing is;
I ſtill have *one*, Luſt *one at once*, alone:
And though the woman often changed be,
Yet He's the ſame without variety.

Mariage our *luſt* (as 'twere with fuell fire)
Doth, with a medicine *of the ſame*, allay;
And not *forbid*, but *rectifie deſire*.
My ſelfe I cannot chuſe, *my wife* I may:
And in the choiſe of *Her*, it much doth lye,
To mend my ſelfe in my poſterity.

Or rather let me *love*, than *be in love*;
So let me chuſe, as *Wife* and *Friend* to find.
Let me forget her *Sex*, when I *approve*:
Beaſts likeneſſe lies in *ſhape*, but *ours* in *mind*:
Our *Soules no Sexes* have, their love is cleane,
No *Sex*, both in the *better part* are *men*.

But Phyſicke for our *luſt* their bodies be,
But matter fit to ſhew our love upon:
But onely *ſhels* for our *poſterity*,
Their ſoules were giv'n leſt men ſhould be alone:
For but the *Soules interpreters*, *words be*,
Without which *Bodies* are no company.

That *goodly frame* we ſee of fleſh and blood,
Their *faſhion* is not *weight*; it is I ſay
But their *Lay-part*; but well diſgeſted food;
This but 'twixt *Duſt*, *and Duſt*, *lifes middle way*:
The worth of it is nothing that is *ſeen*,
But only that it holds a *Soule* within.

And all the carnall *Beauty* of my Wife,
Is but ſkin-deep, but to *two ſenſes* known;
Short even of pictures, ſhorter liv'd then Life,
And yet the *love* ſurvives, that's built thereon:
For our *Imagination* is too high,
For *Bodies* when they meet, to ſatisfie.

All

A WIFE.

All Shapes, all Colours, are *alike* in *Night*,
Nor doth our *Touch* diſtinguiſh *foule or faire*;
But mans *imagination*, and his *ſight*,
And thoſe, but the firſt weake; by Cuſtome are
Both made alike, which differed at firſt *view*,
Nor can that difference *abſence* much renew.

Nor can that *Beauty*, lying in the *Face*,
But meerely by *imagination* be
Enjoy'd by us, in an *inferiour place*.
Nor can that *Beauty* by *enjoying* we
Make *ours become*; ſo *our deſire* growes tame,
We changed are, but it remaines the ſame.

Birth, leſſe than *Beauty*, ſhall my reaſon blinde,
Her *birth* goes to my *Children*, not to me:
Rather had I that *active Gentry* finde,
Vertue, than *paſſive* from her Anceſtry;
Rather in *her alive* one vertue ſee,
Than all the reſt dead in her *pedigree*.

A WIFE.

In the Degrees, high rather, be she plaſt,
Of *Nature*, than of *Art*, and *Policy*:
Gentry is but a *relique* of time paſt:
And Love doth only but the *preſent* ſee; (*ſame*
Things were firſt made, than *words*: ſhe were the
With, or *without*, *that title* or that name.

As for (the oddes of Sexes) *Portion*,
Nor will I ſhun it, nor my aime it make;
Birth, *beauty*, *wealth*, are nothing worth alone,
All theſe I would for *good additions* take,
Nor for *good parts*, thoſe *two* are ill combin'd,
Whom, any *third* thing frō *themſelves* hath join'd

Rather than theſe the object of my *Love*,
Let it be *good*; when theſe with vertue go,
They (in themſelves *indifferent*) vertues prove,
For *good* (like fire) turnes all things to be ſo.
Gods Image in Her *Soule*, O let me place
My *love* upon! not *Adams* in her *Face*.

Good

Good, is a fairer attribute than *white*,
'Tis the *minds beauty* keeps the *other* ſweete;
That's not ſtill one, nor mortall with the light,
Nor gloſſe, nor painting can it counterfeit;
Nor doth it raiſe deſires, which ever tend
At once, to their perfection and their end.

By *Good* I would have *Holy* underſtood,
So *God* ſhe cannot love, but alſo *me*,
The Law requires our *words* and *deeds* be good,
Religion even the *Thoughts* doth ſanctifie:
As ſhe is *more* a *Maid* that raviſht is;
Then ſhe which only doth but *wiſh amiſſe*.

Luſt onely by *Religion* is withſtood,
Luſts object is alive, his ſtrength within;
Mortality reſiſts but in *cold blood*;
Reſpect of *credit* feareth *ſhame*, not *ſin*.
But no place *darke enough* for ſuch offence
She findes, that's *watch*, by her own *conſcience*.

Then may I truſt her *Body* with her *mind*,
And, thereupon ſecure need never know
The pangs of *Jealouſie*: and *Love* doth find
More paine to *doubt* her falſe, than know her ſo:
For *patience* is, of evils that are knowne,
The certaine remedie; but *doubt* hath none.

And be that thought *once* ſtirr'd, 'twill never die:
Nor will the griefe more mild by cuſtome prove,
Nor yet *amendment* can it ſatisfie,
The *Anguiſh* more or leſſe, is *as our love*;
This miſery doth *Jealouſie* enſue,
That we may prove her *falſe*, but cannot *True*.

Suſpicious may the will of *luſt* reſtraine,
But *God* prevents from having ſuch a *will*;
A *Wife* that's *Good*, doth *Chaſte & more* containe,
For *Chaſte* is but an *Abſtinence* from ill:
And in a *Wife* that's *Bad*, although the *beſt*
Of qualities; yet in a *Good* the *laſt*.

To

A WIFE.

To beare the meanes is *Care*, not *Jealousie*:
Some *lawfull* things to be avoyded are,
When they *occasion* of *unlawfull* be:
Lust ere it hurts, is best descry'd afarre:
Lust is a sinne *of two*; he that is sure
Of *either* part, may be of *both* secure.

Give me next *Good*, an *understanding Wife*,
By Nature *wise*, not *learned* by much Art,
Some *Knowledge* on her side, will all my life
More scope of conversation impart:
Besides her inborne vertue fortifie. (why.
They are most firmly good, that best know

A *passive understanding* to conceive,
And judgement to discerne, I wish to finde:
Beyond that, all as hazardous I leave;
Learning and *pregnant wit* in woman-kinde,
What it findes malleable, makes fraile,
And doth not adde more *ballast*, but more *saile*.

Domesticke

A WIFE.

Domesticke Charge doth best that *Sex* befit,
Contiguous businesse; so to fixe the Mind,
That *leisure* space for *Fancies* not admit:
Their *leysure* 'tis corrupteth *Woman-kind*:
Else, being plac'd from many vices free,
They had to Heav'n a shorter cut than we.

Bookes are a part of mans prerogative,
In formall Inke they *thoughts* and *voyces* hold,
That we to them our solitude may give,
And make *Time-present* travell that of *old*.
Our life, *Fame* peeceth longer at the end,
And *bookes* it farther backward doe extend.

As *good*, and knowing let her be *discreete*,
That, to the others *weight*, doth *fashion* bring;
Discretion doth consider what is *Fit*.
Goodnesse but what is *lawfull*; but the *thing*,
Not *circumstances*; *Learning* is and *wit*,
In men, but *curious folly without it*.

To

A WIFE.

To keepe their Name, when 'tis in others hands,
Diſcretion askes; their *credit* is by farre
More *fraile* than *They*: on likelihoods it ſtands,
And hard to be diſprov'd, *lusts ſlanders* are.
Their *carriage*, not their *chaſtity* alone,
Muſt keepe their *Name* chaſte from *ſuſpition*.

Womans *behaviour* is a ſurer barre
Than is their *No*: *That* fairely doth *deny*,
Without *denying*; *thereby* kept they are
Safe ev'n from *Hope*; in part to blame is ſhe,
Which hath *without conſent* bin only tride;
He comes *too neere*, that comes to be *denide*.

Now ſince a *Woman* we to *marry* are,
A *Soule* and *Body*, not a *Soule* alone,
When one is *good*, then be the other *Faire*;
Beauty is *Health* and *beauty*, both in one;
Be ſhe ſo faire, as change can yeeld no gaine;
So faire, as ſhe moſt *Woman* elſe containe.

So

A WIFE.

So faire at leaſt let me imagine Her;
That thought to *me*, is *Truth: opinion*
Cannot in matter of *opinion* erre;
With no eyes ſhall I ſee her but *mine owne*.
And as my *Fancy Her* conceives to be,
Even ſuch my Senſes both, doe *feele* and *ſee*.

The *face* we may the ſeat of *beauty* call,
In it the reliſh of the reſt doth lye,
Nay ev'n a figure of the *mind* withall:
And of the *Face*, the *Life* moves in the *Eye*;
No things elſe, being *two* ſo like we ſee,
So like, that they, *two* but in number, be.

Beauty in *decent ſhape*, and *Colours* lies.
Colours the *matter* are, and *ſhape* the *Soule*;
The *Soule*, which from no ſingle part doth riſe,
But from the juſt proportion of the *whole*,
And is a meere *ſpirituall harmony*,
Of every part united in the *Eye*.

Love

A WIFE.

Love is a kind of *Superſtition*,
Which feares the Idoll which it ſelf hath fram'd:
Luſt a Deſire, which rather from his *owne*
Temper, than from the object is inflam'd:
Beauty is Loves *object*; *Woman* Luſt's to gaine;
Love, Love Deſires; *Luſt* onely to *obtaine*.

No circumſtance doth *Beauty* beautifie,
Like gracefull *faſhion*, native *Comelineſſe*.
Nay ev'n gets pardon for *Deformity*;
Art cannot ought beget, but may increaſe;
When *Nature* had fixt *Beauty*, perfect made,
Something ſhe left for *Motion* to adde.

But let that *faſhion* more to *modeſty*
Tend, than *aſſurance*: *Modeſty* doth ſet
The face in her juſt place, from *paſſions* free,
'Tis both the *minds*, and *bodies beauty met*;
But *modeſty* no vertue can we ſee;
That is the faces onely *Chaſtity*.

Where

A WIFE.

Where *goodneſſe* failes, 'twixt ill and ill *that* ſtands:
Whence 'tis, that *women* though they weaker be,
And their deſire more ſtrong, yet on their hands
The *chaſtity* of *men* doth often lye:
Luſt would more common be than any one,
Could it as other ſins be done *alone*.

All theſe *good parts* a *Perfect woman* make:
Adde *love to me*, they make a *Perfect Wife*:
Without her *love*, her *beauty* ſhould I take,
As that of *Pictures*; dead; *That* gives it life:
Till then her *beauty* like the Sun doth ſhine
Alike to all; *That* makes it, only *mine*.

And of that *love*, let *Reaſon Father* be,
And *Paſſion Mother*; let it from the one
His *being* take, the other his *degree*;
Selfe-love (which ſecond Loves hath built upon)
Will make *me* (if not *her*) her love-reſpect;
No man but favours his owne worths effect.

As

A WIFE:

As *good* and *wiſe*; ſo be ſhe *Fit* for me,
That is, To *will*, and *Not to will* the ſame,
My *Miſe* is my *Adopted ſelfe*, and ſhe
As Me, ſo what I love, to Love muſt frame.
For when by Mariage both in one concurre,
Woman converts to man, not man to her.

FINIS.

The Authours Epitaph, written by himſelfe.

THe Span of my daies meaſur'd, here I reſt,
That is, my body, but my ſoule his gueſt,
Is hence aſcended: whither, neither Time,
Nor Faith, nor Hope, but only Love can clime;
Where being now enlightned, She doth know
The Truth of all, men argue of below,
Onely this duſt doth here in pawne remaine,
That, when the world diſſolves, ſhe come again.

Characters.

OR,

Witty deſcriptions of the properties of ſundry perſons.

A good Woman.

A Good Woman is a comfort, like a man. She lacks of him nothing but heat. Thence is her ſweetneſſe of diſpoſitiõ which meets his ſtoutneſſe more pleaſingly; ſo wooll meets Iron eaſier than Iron; and turnes reſiſting into embracing. Her greateſt

learning is religion, and her thoughts are on her owne *Sex*, or on men, without casting the difference. *Dishonesty* never comes neerer than her eares, and then wonder stops it out, and saves vertue the labour. She leaves the neat youth, telling his *lushious* tales, and puts back the *Serving-mans* putting forward, with a frown: yet her kindnes is free enough to be seen, for it hath no guilt about it: and her mirth is cleare, that you may looke through it, into vertue, but not beyond. She hath not behaviour at a certaine, but makes it to her occasion. Shee hath so much knowledge as to love it; and if she have it not at home, she will fetch it, for this sometimes in a pleasant discontent she dares chide her *Sex*, though she use it never the worse. She is much within, and frames outward things to her mind, not her mind to them. Shee weares good clothes, but never better; for shee finds no degree beyond *Decencie*. Shee hath a content of her owne, and so seekes not an husband, but finds him. She is indeed most,

moſt, but not much of deſcription, for ſhe is direct and one, and hath not the variety of ill. Now ſhe is given freſh and alive to a Husband, and ſhe doth nothing more than love him, for ſhe takes him to that purpoſe. So his good becomes the buſineſſe of her actions, and ſhe doth her ſelfe kindneſſe upon him. After his, her chiefeſt vertue is a good husband. For *Shee is Hee*.

A very Woman.

A *Very Woman*, is a dow-bak't man, or a *She* meant well towards man, but fell two bowes ſhort, *ſtrength* and *underſtanding*. Her vertue is the hedge, *Modeſty*, that keepes a man from climbing over into her faults. Shee ſimpers as if ſhee had no teeth but lips: and ſhe divides her eyes, and keepes halfe for her ſelfe,

and gives the other to her neat *Youth*. Being ſet downe, ſhe caſts her face into a platforme, which dureth the meale, and is taken away with the voider. Her draught reacheth to good manners, not to thirſt, and it is a part of their myſtery not to profeſſe hunger; but *Nature* takes her in private, and ſtretcheth her upon meat. She is *Marriageable* and *Foureteene* at once; and after ſhe doth not live, but tarry. She reads over her face every morning, and ſometimes blots out pale, and writes red. She thinks ſhe is faire, though many times her opinion goes alone, and ſhe loves her glaſſe, and the Knight of the Sun for lying. Shee is hid away all but her face, and that's hang'd about with toyes and devices, like the ſigne of a Taverne, to draw *Strangers*. If ſhee ſhew more, ſhe prevents deſire, and by too free giving, leaves no *Gift*. Shee may eſcape from the ſerving-man, but not from the Chamber-maid. She commits with her eares for certaine: after that ſhe may goe for a maid, but ſhe hath beene lyen with,

in

in her underſtanding. Her *Philoſophy*, is a ſeeming neglect of thoſe, that bee too good for her. She's a younger brother for her portion, but not for her portion for wit, that comes frō her in a treble, which is ſtill too big for it; yet her *Vanity* ſeldome matcheth her, with one of her own degree, for then ſhee will beget another creature a begger, and commonly, if ſhee marry better ſhe marries worſe. She gets much by the ſimplicity of her Sutor, and for a jeſt, laughs at him without one. Thus ſhe dreſſes a husband for her ſelfe, and after takes him for his patience, and the Land adjoyning, ye may ſee it; in a Serving-mans freſh *Napery*, and his Leg ſteps into an unknowne ſtocking. I need not ſpeake of his *Garters*, the taſſell ſhewes it ſelfe. If ſhe love, ſhe loves not the Man, but the beſt of him. She is *Salomons* cruell creature, and a mans walking conſumption: every caudle ſhee gives him, is a purge. Her chiefe commendation is, ſhe brings a man to repentance.

Her next part.

HEr lightneſſe gets her to ſwim at top of the table, where her wrie little finger bewraies *carving*; her neighbors at the latter end know they are welcome, and for that purpoſe ſhe quencheth her thirſt. She travels to and among, and ſo becomes a woman of good entertainmēt, for all the folly in the Country comes in cleane Linnin to viſit her: ſhe breaks to them her griefe in ſuger cakes, & receives from their mouths in exchange many ſtories that conclude to no purpoſe. Her eldeſt Son is like her howſoever, and that diſpraiſeth him beſt: her utmoſt drift is to turne him Foole, which commonly ſhe obtaines at the yeares of diſcretion. She takes a journey ſometimes to her Neeces houſe, but never thinkes beyond *London*. Her *Devotion* is good clothes, they carry her to Church, expreſſe their ſtuffe and faſhion, and are ſilent if ſhee be

bee more devout, ſhee lifts up a certain number of eyes, in ſtead of prayers, and takes the Sermon, and meaſures out a nap by it, juſt as long. She ſends Religion afore to *Sixty*, where ſhe never overtakes it, or drives it before her againe: Her moſt neceſſary inſtruments are a *waiting Gentle-woman*, and a *Chamber-maid*; ſhe weares her Gentle-woman ſtill, but moſt often leaves the other in her Chamber window. She hath a little *Kennell* in her lap, and ſhe ſmels the ſweeter for it. The utmoſt reach of her *Providence*, is the fatneſſe of a Capon, and her greateſt envy, is the next Gentlewomans better Gown. Her moſt commendable skill, is to make her Husbands fuſtian beare her Velvet. This ſhe doth many times over, and then is delivered to old Age and a Chaire, where every body leaves her.

A dissembler

IS an essence needing a double definition, for he is not that he appeares. Unto the eye he is pleasing, unto the eare he is harsh, but unto the understanding intricate, and full of windings: he is the *prima materia*, and his intents give him forme, he dyeth his meanes and his meaning into two colors, he baits craft with humility, and his countenance is the picture of the present disposition. He wins not by battery, but undermining, and his racke is smoothing. He allures, is not allur'd by his affectiõs, for they are the broakers of his obseruatiõ. He knowes passion only by sufferance, and resisteth by obeying. He makes his time an accomptant to his memory, and of the humours of men weaves a net for occasion: the inquisitor must looke thorow his judgement, for to the eye only he is not visible.

A Cour-

A Courtier

TO all mens thinking is a man, and to moſt men the fineſt: all things elſe are defined by the underſtanding, but this by the ſenſes; but his ſureſt marke is, that he is to be found only about Princes. He ſmels; and putteth away much of his judgement about the ſituation of his clothes. Hee knowes no man that is not generally knowne. His wit, like the *Marigold*, openeth with the *Sun*, and therfore heriſeth not before ten of the clock. He puts more confidence in his words than meaning, and more in his pronunciation than his words. *Occaſion* is his *Cupid*, and he hath but one receit of making love. He followes nothing but inconſtancie, admires nothing but beauty, honors nothing but fortune. Loves nothing. The ſuſtenance of his diſcourſe is Newes, and his cenſure like a ſhot depends upon the charging. He is not, if he be out of Court, but

but fish-like breaths destruction, if out of his element. Neither his motion, or aspect are regular, but he mooves by the upper *Spheares*, and is the reflection of higher substances.

If you find him not here, you shall in *Pauls*, with a picke tooth in his Hat, a capecloak, and a long stocking.

A Golden Asse

IS a young thing, whose Father went to the Divell; he is followed like a salt bitch, and limb'd by him that gets up first; his disposition is cut, & knaves rent him like Tenter-hooks; hee is as blind as his mother, and swallowes flatterers for friends. He is high in his owne imagination, but that imagination is as a stone, that is raised by violence, descends naturally. When hee goes, hee looks who looks: if hee finds not good store of vailers, he comes home stiffe and seer, untill he

he be new oyled and watered by his husbandmen. Wherefoever he eates he hath an officer, to warne men not to talke out of his element, and his own is exceeding sensible, because it is sensuall; but he cannot exchange a peece of reason, though he can a peece of gold. Hee is naught pluckt, for his feathers are his beauty, & more than his beauty; they are his discretion, his countenance, his All. He is now at an end, for he hath had the Wolf of vaine glory, which he fed, untill himselfe became the food.

A Flatterer

IS *the shadow of a Foole*. He is a good wood-man, for he singleth out none but the wealthy. His carriage is ever of the colour of his patient; and for his sake hee will halt or weare a wrie necke. Hee dispraiseth nothing but poverty, and

and ſmall drink, and praiſeth his grace of making water. He ſelleth himſelfe, with reckoning his great Friends, and teacheth the preſent, how to win his praiſes by reciting the other gifts: he is ready for all imployments, but eſpecially before Dinner, for his courage and his ſtomack goe together. Hee will play any upon his countenance, and where he cannot be admitted for a counſeller, he will ſerve as a foole. He frequents the Court of Wards and Ordinaries, and fits theſe gueſts of *Togæ virilis*, with wives or whores. He entreth young men into acquaintance with debt-books. In a word, hee is the impreſſion of the laſt term, and will bee ſo, untill the comming of a new term or termer.

An ignorant Glory-hunter

IS an *inſectum animal*; for he is the maggot of opinion, his behaviour is another thing from himſelfe, and is glewed, and

and but ſet on. He entertaines men with repetitions, and returnes them their own words. He is ignorant of nothing, no not of thoſe things, where ignorãce is the leſſer ſhame. Hee gets the names of good wits, and uttersthem for his companions. He confeſſeth vices that he is guiltleſſe of, if they be in faſhion; and dares not ſalute a man in old clothes, or out of faſhion. There is not a publike aſſembly without him, and he will take any paines for an acquaintance there. In any ſhew he will be one, though he be but a whiffler, or a torch-bearer; and beares downe ſtrangers with the ſtory of his actions. He handles nothing that is not rare, and defends his wardrobe, diet, and all cuſtomes, with entituling their beginnings from Princes, great Souldiers, and ſtrange Nations. He dares ſpeake more than he underſtands, and adventures his words without the releeſe of any ſeconds. He relates battels, & skirmiſhes, as from an eye-witneſſe, when his eyes theeviſhly beguiled a ballad of them. In a word, to make

make ſure of admiration, he will not let himſelfe underſtand himſelfe, but hopes fame and opinion will be the Readers of his Riddles.

A Timiſt

IS *a noune Adjective of the preſent tenſe.* He hath no more of a conſcience than Feare, and his religion is not his but the Princes. He reverenceth a Courtiers Servants ſervant. Is firſt his own Slave, and thē whoſoever looketh big; whē he gives hee curſeth, and when hee ſels he worſhips. He reads the ſtatutes in his Chamber, and weares the Bible in the ſtreetes: he never praiſeth any, but before themſelves or friends: and miſlikes no great mans actions during his life. His new-yeares gifts are ready at *Allhalomas*, and the ſute hee meant to meditate before them. He pleaſeth the children of great men;

men, and promiſeth to adopt them; and his courteſie extends it ſelfe even to the ſtable. He ſtraines to talke wiſely, and his modeſty would ſerve a Bride. He is gravity from the head to the foot; but not from the head to the heart: you may find what place he affecteth, for he creeps as neere it as may be, and as paſſionately courts it; if at any time his hopes be affected, he ſwelleth with them; and they burſt out too good for the veſſell. In a word, he danceth to the tune of fortune, and ſtudies for nothing but to keepe time.

An Amoriſt

IS a Man blaſted or planet-ſtrooken, and is the Dogge that leads blind *Cupid*; when he is at the beſt, his faſhion exceeds the worth of his weight. He is never without verſes, and musk comfects; and ſighs to the hazzard of his buttons;

tons; his eyes are all white, either to weare the livery of his mistris complexion, or to keep *Cupid* from hitting the blacke. He fights with passion, and loseth much of his bloud by his weapon; dreames, thence his paleneſſe. His armes are careleſly uſed, as if their beſt uſe was nothing but embracements. He is untruſt, unbutton'd and ungartered, not out of careleſneſſe, but care; his fartheſt end being but going to bed. Some times he wraps his petition in neatneſſe, but he goeth not alone; for thē he makes ſome other quality moralize his affection, and his trimneſſe is the grace of that grace. Her favour lifts him up, as the Sun moiſture; when ſhe disfavours, unable to hold that happineſſe, it falles downe in teares; his fingers are his Orators, and hee expreſſeth much of himſelfe upon ſome inſtrument. He anſwers not, or not to the purpoſe; and no marvell, for he is not at home. Hee ſcotcheth time with dancing with his Miſtris, taking up of her glove, and wearing her feather;

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he is confin'd to her colour, and dares not paſſe out of the circuit of her memory. His imagination is a foole, and it goeth in a pyde coat of red and white: ſhortly, he is tranſlated out of a man into folly; his imagination is the glaſſe of luſt, and himſelfe the traitor to his owne diſcretion.

An Affectate Traveller

IS a ſpeaking faſhion; hee hath taken paines to be ridiculous, and hath ſeen more than he hath perceived. His Attire ſpeakes *French* or *Italian*, & his *gate* cries, *Behold me*. He cenſures all things by coũtenances, and ſhrugs, and ſpeakes his own language with ſhame and liſping: he will choake, rather than confeſſe *Beere* good drinke; and his pick-tooth is a maine part of his behaviour. He chuſeth rather to be counted a *Spie*, than not a *Politician*: and maintaines his reputation by naming

great men familiarly. Hee chuſeth rather to tell lies, than not wonders, and talkes with men ſingly: his diſcourſe ſounds big, but meanes nothing: and his boy is bound to admire him howſoever. He comes ſtill from great perſonages, but goes with mean. Hee takes occaſion to ſhew jewels given him in regard of his vertue, that were bought in S. *Martines:* and not long after having with a *Mountbanks* method, pronounced them worth thouſands, impawneth them for a few ſhillings. Upon feſtivall dayes he goes to Court, and ſalutes without reſaluting: at night in an Ordinary he canvaſſeth the buſineſſe in hand, and ſeems as converſant with all intents and plots as if hee begot them. His extraordinary account of men is, firſt to tell them the ends of all matters of conſequence, and then to borrow money of thē; he offers courteſies, to ſhew them, rather than himſelfe humble. He diſdaines all things above his reach, and preferreth all Countries before his owne. He imputeth his want and poverty

ty to the ignorance of the time, not his owne unworthineſſe: and concludes his diſcourſe with halfe a period, or a word, and leaves the reſt to imagination. In a word, his religion is faſhion, and both body and ſoule are governed by fame, he loves moſt voyces above truth.

A Wiſeman

IS the truth of the true definition of man, that is, a reaſonable creature. His diſpoſition alters, he alters not. He hides himſelfe with the attire of the vulgar; and in indifferent things is content to be governed by them. He lookes according to nature, ſo goes his behaviour. His mind enjoyes a continuall ſmoothneſſe: ſo commeth it, that his conſideration is alwaies at home. He endures the faults of all men ſilently, except his friends, and to them hee is the mirrour of their

actions; by this meanes, his peace commeth not from Fortune, but himself. He is cunning in men, not to surprize, but keep his own, and beates off their ill affected humours, no otherwise than if they were flyes. He chuseth not friends by the Subsidy-book, and is not luxurious after acquaintance. He maintaines the strength of his body, not by delicates, but temperance: and his mind, by giving it preheminence over his body. He understands things, not by their forme, but qualities; and his comparisons intend not to excuse but to provoke him higher. Hee is not subject to casualities; for Fortune hath nothing to doe with the mind, except those drowned in the body: but he hath divided his soule from the case of his soule, whose weaknes he assists no otherwise than commiseratively, not that it is his, but that it is. He is thus, and will bee thus: and lives subject neither to Time nor his frailties; the servant of vertue, and by vertue, the friend of the highest.

A Noble Spirit.

HAth ſurveied and ſortified his diſpoſition, and converts all occurrents into experience, between which experience and his reaſon, there is mariage, the iſſue are his actions. He circuits his intents, and ſeeth the end before he ſhot. Men are the inſtruments of his Art, and there is no man without his uſe: occaſion incites him, none enticeth him: and he mooves by affection, not for affection; he loves glory, ſcornes ſhame, and governeth and obeyeth with one countenance; for it comes from one conſideration. He cals not the variety of the world chances, for his meditation hath travelled over them; and his eye mounted upon his underſtanding, ſeeth them as things underneath. He covers not his body with delicacies, nor excuſeth theſe delicacies by his body, but teacheth it, ſince it is not able to defend its own imbecility to ſhew

or ſuffer. He licenceth not his weakneſſe to weare Fate, but knowing reaſon to be no idle gift of Nature. He is the Steeresman of his owne deſtiny. Truth is the Goddeſſe, and he takes paines to get her, not to looke like her. Hee knowes the condition of the world, that he muſt act one thing like another, and then another. To theſe he carries his deſires, and not his deſires him, and ſtickes not faſt by the way (for that contentment is repentance) but knowing the circle of all courſes, of all intents, of all things, to have but one center or period, without all diſtraction, he haſteth thither & ends there, as his true and naturall element. He doth not contemne fortune, but not confeſſe her. He is no Gameſter of the world (which onely complaine and praiſe her) but being only ſenſible of the honeſty of actions, contemnes a particular profit as the excrement of ſcum. Unto the ſociety of men he is a *Sun*, whoſe cleareneſſe directs their ſteps in a regular motion: when he is more particular, he is the wiſe

mans

mans friend, the example of the indifferent, the medicine of the vicious. Thus time goeth not from him, but with him: and he feeles age more by the ſtrength of his ſoule, than the weaknes of his body; thus feeles he no paine, but eſteemes all ſuch things as friends, that deſire to file off his fetters, and helpe him out of priſon.

An Oldman

IS a thing that hath been a man in his daies. Old men are to be known blindfolded: for their talke is as terrible as their reſemblance. They praiſe their own times as vehemently, as if they would ſell them. They become wrinckled with frowning and facing youth; they admire their old cuſtomes, even to the eating of red herring, and going wetſhod. They caſt the thumbe under the girdle, Gravitie; and becauſe they can

hardly ſmell at all, their Poſies are under their girdles. They count it an ornament of ſpeech, to cloſe the period with a Cough; and it is venerable (they ſay) to ſpend time in wiping their driveled beards. Their diſcourſe is unanſwerable, by reaſon of their obſtinacy: their ſpeech is much, though little to the purpoſe. Truths and lyes paſſe with an equall affirmation: for their memories ſeverall is wonne into one receptacle, and ſo they come out with one ſenſe. They teach their ſervants their duties with as much ſcorne and tyranny, as ſome people teach their dogs to fetch. Their envy is one of their diſeaſes. They put off and on their clothes, with that certainty, as if they knew their heads would not direct them, and therfore cuſtome ſhould. They take a pride in halting and going ſtiffely, and therefore their ſtaves are carved and tipped: they truſt their attire with much of their gravity; and they dare not goe without a gowne in Summer. Their hats are brushed, to draw mens eyes off from their

their faces; but of all, their *Pomanders* are worne to moſt purpoſe, for their putrified breath ought not to want either a ſmell to defend, or a dog to excuſe.

A Country Gentleman

IS a thing, out of whoſe corruption the generation of a Juſtice of Peace is produced. He ſpeakes ſtatutes and huſbandry well enough, to make his neighbors thinke him a wiſe man; he is well skilled in *Arithmetick* or rates: and hath eloquence enough to ſave two-pence. His converſation amongſt his Tenants is deſperate; but amongſt his equals full of doubt. His travell is ſeldome farther than the next market Towne, and his inquiſition is about the price of Corne: when he travelleth, he will goe ten mile out of the way to a Couſins houſe of his to ſave charges, he rewards the Servants by taking him by the hand when hee departs.

parts. Nothing under a *Sub pœna* cã draw him to *London:* and when he is there, he ſticks faſt upon every obiect, caſts his eyes away upon gazing, and becomes the prey of every Cutpurſe. When he comes home, thoſe wonders ſerve him for his holy-day talke. If he goe to Court; it is in yellow ſtockings; and if it be in Winter, in a ſlight tafety cloake, and pumps and pantofles. He is chained that wooes the Uſher for his comming into the preſence, where he becomes troubleſome with the ill managing of his Rapier, and the wearing of his girdle of one faſhion, and the hangers of another; by this time he hath learned to kiſſe his hand, & make a legge both together, and the names of Lords and Councellors; hee hath thus much toward entertainment and courteſie, but of the laſt he makes more uſe; for by the recitall of *my Lord*, he conjures his poore countrimen. But this is not his element, he muſt home againe, being like a Dor, that ends his flight in a dunghill.

A fine

A fine Gentleman

IS *the Cynamon tree*, whoſe bark is more worth than his body. He hath read the Book of good manners, and by this time each of his limbs may read it. He alloweth of no judge, but the eye; painting, boulſtering, and bombaſting are his *Orators*: by theſe alſo he proves his induſtry: for hee hath purchaſed legs, haire, beauty, and ſtraightneſſe, more than Nature left him. He unlockes Maiden-heads with his language, and ſpeaks *Euphues*, not ſo gracefully as heartily. His diſcourſe makes not his behaviour, but hee buyes it at Court, as Countreymen their clothes in Birchinlane. He is ſomewhat like the *Salamander*, and lives in the flame of love, which paines he expreſſeth comically: and nothing grieves him ſo much, as the want of a Poet to make an iſſue in his love; yet he ſighes ſweetly, and ſpeakes lamentably: for his

his breath is perfumed, and his words are wind. He is beſt in ſeaſon at Chriſtmas; for the Boares head and Reveller come together; his hopes are laden in his quality: and leſt Fidlers ſhould take him unprovided, hee weares pumps in his pocket: and leſt he ſhould take Fidlers unprovided, he whiſtles his owne Galliard. He is a Calender of ten yeares, and mariage ruſts him. Afterwards he maintaines himſelfe an implement of houſhold, by carving and uſhering. For all this, he is judiciall only in Taylors and Barbers, but his opinion is ever ready, and ever idle. If you will know more of his acts, the Brokers ſhop is the witneſſe of his valour, where lyes wounded, dead, rent, and out of faſhion, many a ſpruce Sute, overthrown by his fantaſtickneſſe.

An El-

An Elder Brother

IS a Creature borne to the beſt advantage of things without him; that hath the ſtart at the beginning, but loiters it away before the ending. He lookes like his Land, as heavily and durtily, as ſtubbornly. He dares do any thing but fight; and feares nothing but his Fathers life, and minority. The firſt thing he makes known, is his Eſtate; and the Load-ſtone that drawes him, is the upper end of the Table. He wooeth by a particular; & his ſtrongeſt argument is all about the Jointure. His obſervation is all about the faſhion, and hee commends Partlets for a rare device. He ſpeakes no language, but ſmels of Dogs, or Hawks; and his ambition flies Juſtice-height. He loves to be commended; and he will goe into the Kitchin, but heele have it. He loves glorie; but is ſo lazy, as he is content with flattery. He ſpeakes moſt of the precedency

dency of age, and proteſts fortune the greateſt vertue. He ſummoneth the old ſervants, & tels what ſtrange acts he will doe when he raignes. He verily beleeves houſe-keepers the beſt commonwealths men; and therefore ſtudies baking, brewing, greaſing, and ſuch as the limbes of goodneſſe. He judgeth it no ſmall ſigne of wiſdome to talke much; his tongue therefore goes continually his errand, but never ſpeeds. If his underſtanding were not honeſter than his will, no man ſhould keepe good conceit by him; for hee thinkes it no theft, to ſell all he can to opinion. His pedegree & his fathers ſcalering, are the ſtilts of his crazed diſpoſition. He had rather keepe company with the dregs of men, than not to be the beſt man. His inſinuation is the inviting of men to his houſe; & he thinks it a great modeſty to comprehend his cheere under a peece of Mutton and a Rabbet; if he by this time bee not knowne, he will goe home againe: for he can no more abide to have himſelfe concealed, than his land;

land; yet he is (as you ſee) good for nothing, except to make a ſtallion to maintaine the race.

A Braggadochio Welſhman

IS the Oyſter that the Pearle is in, for a man may be pickt out of him. He hath the abilities of the mind in *Potentia*, and *Actu* nothing but boldneſſe. His clothes are in faſhion before his body: and hee accounts boldneſſe the chiefeſt vertue; above all men hee loves an Herauld, and ſpeaks pedegrees naturally. He accounts none well deſcended, that call him not Couſin; and preferres *Owen Glendower* before any of the nine Worthies. The firſt note of his familiarity is the confeſſion of his valour; and ſo he prevents quarels. He voucheth Welch, a pure and unconquered language, and courts Ladies with the ſtory of their Chronicle. To conclude, he is precious

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in his owne conceit, and upon S. *Davies* day without compari ſon.

A Pedant.

HEe treades in a rule, and one hand ſcannes verſes, and the other holds his Scepter. Hee dares not thinke a thought, that the Nominative caſe governes not the Verbe; and he never had meaning in his life, for he travelled only for words. His ambition is *Criticiſme*, and his example *Tully*. Hee values phraſes, and elects them by the ſound, and the eight Parts of ſpeech are his Servants. To bee briefe, he is a *Heteroclite*, for hee wants the plurar number, having onely the ſingle quality of words.

A Ser-

A Servingman

IS *a creature, which though he be not drunk, yet is not his owne man.* He tels without asking who ownes him, by the ſuperſcription of his Livery. His life is for eaſe and leaſure, much about *Gentleman-like.* His wealth enough to ſuffice Nature, and ſufficient to make him happy, if he were ſure of it; for he hath little, and wants nothing, he values himſelfe higher or lower, as his Maſter is. Hee hates or loves the men, as his Maſter doth the Maſter. He is commonly proud of his Maſters horſes or his Chriſtmas: hee ſleepes when he is ſleepy, is of his religion, only the clocke of his ſtomack is ſet to go an houre after his. He ſeldome breakes his own cloths. He never drinks but double, for he muſt be pledg'd; nor commonly without ſome ſhort ſentence nothing to the purpoſe: and ſeldome abſtaines till he comes to a thirſt. His

diſcretion is to bee carefull for his Maſters credit, and his ſufficiency to marſhall diſhes at a Table, and to carve well. His neatneſſe conſiſts much in his haire and outward linnen. His courting language, viſible bawdy jeſts; and againſt his matter faile, he is alway ready furniſhed with a ſong. His inheritance is the Chamber-maid, but often purchaſeth his Maſters daughter, by reaſon of opportunity, or for want of a better; he alwayes cuckolds himſelfe, and never maries but his owne widdow. His Maſter being appeaſed, he becomes a Retainer, and entailes himſelfe and his poſterity upon his heire-males for ever.

An Hoſt

IS the kernell of a Signe: or the Signe is the ſhell, & *mine Hoſt* is the Snaile. He

He conſiſts of double beere and fellowſhip, and his vices are the bawds of his thirſt. He entertaines humbly, and gives his gueſts power, as well of himſelfe as houſe. He anſwers all mens expectations to his power, ſave in the reckoning: and hath gotten the tricke of greatneſſe, to lay all miſ-likes upon his ſervants. His wife is the *Cummin ſeed* of his Dovehouſe; and to be a good Gueſt is a warrant for her liberty. Hee traffiques for Gueſts by mens friends friends friends, and is ſenſible onely of his purſe. In a word, he is none of his own: for he neither eats, drinks, or thinks, but at other mens charges and appointments.

An Oſtler

IS *a thing that ſcrubbeth unreaſonably his horſe, reaſonably himſelfe.* He conſiſts of Travellers, though he be none himſelfe. His higheſt ambition is to be *Hoſt*, and the invention of his ſigne is his

greateſt wit: for the expreſſing whereof hee ſends away the Painters for want of underſtanding. He hath certaine charmes for a horſe mouth, that hee ſhould not eat his hay: & behind your back, he will coozen your horſe to his face. His curry-combe is one of his beſt parts, for he expreſſeth much by the gingling: and his mane-combe is a ſpinners card turn'd out of ſervice. Hee puffes and blowes over your horſe, to the hazard of a double jug: and leaves much of the dreſſing to the proverbe of *Muli mutuo ſcabient*, One horſe rubs another. Hee comes to him that cals loudeſt, not firſt; hee takes a broken head patiently, but the knave he feeles it not, utmoſt honeſty is good fellowſhip, and he ſpeakes Northerne, what country-man ſoever. He hath a penſion of Ale from the next *Smith* and *Sadler* for intelligence: he loves to ſee you ride, and hold your ſtirrop in expectation.

The

The true Character of a Dunce.

HE hath a ſoule drown'd in a lumpe of fleſh, or is a peece of earth that *Prometheus* put not halfe his proportion of fire into. A thing that hath neither edge of deſire, nor feeling of affection in it; the moſt dangerous creature for confirming an Atheiſt, who would ſweare his ſoule were nothing but the bare temperature of his body. He ſleeps as hee goes, and his thoughts ſeldome reach an inch further than his eyes. The moſt part of the faculties of his ſoule lie fallow, or are like the reſtive Jades, that no ſpur can drive forwards towards the purſuit of any worthy deſignes. One of the moſt unprofitable of Gods creatures being as he is, a thing put cleane beſides the right uſe, made fit for the cart & the flayle; and by miſchance intangled amongſt books and papers. A man cannot tell poſſibly what hee is now good

for, ſave to move up and downe and fill roome, or to ſerve as *Animatum inſtrumentum*, for others to worke withall in baſe imployments, or to be foile for better wits, or to ſerve (as they ſay Monſters doe) to ſet out the variety of nature, and ornament of the univerſe. Hee is meere nothing of himſelfe, neither eats, nor drinkes, nor goes, nor ſpits, but by Imitation, for all which he hath ſet-formes and faſhions, which he never varies, but ſtickes to with the like plodding conſtance, that a mil-horſe followes his trace. But the Muſes and the Graces are his hard Miſtreſſes, though he daily invocate them, though he ſacrifice *Hecatombs*, they ſtill look aſquint. You ſhall note him of (beſides his dull eye, and lowring head, and a certain clammy benūmed pace) by a faire diſplayed beard, a night-cap, and a gowne, whoſe very wrinckles proclaime him the true *Genius* of familiarity. But of all other, his diſcourſe, and compoſitions beſt ſpeake him, both of them are much of one ſtuffe

and

and fashion. He speakes just what his bookes or last company said unto him, without varying one whit, and very seldome understands himselfe. You may know by his discourse where he was last: for what he heard or read yesterday, hee now dischargeth his memory or Notebooke of, not his understanding, for it never came there. What he hath, he flings abroad at all adventures, without accommodating it to time, place, or persons, or occasions. He commonly loseth himselfe in his tale, and flutters up and downe windlesse without recovery, and whatsoever next presents it selfe, his heavy conceit seizeth upon, and goeth along with, how-ever *Heterogeneall* to his matter in hand. His Jests are either old flead *Proverbs*, or leane-starv'd-hackney *Apothegmes*, or poore verball quips, outworne by Servingmen, Tapsters, and Milk-maids, even laid aside by Balladers. He assents to all men that bring any shaddow of reason, and you may make him when he speakes most Dog-

matically, even with one breath, to aver poore contradictions. His compoſitions differ onely *terminorum poſitione*, from dreames; nothing but rude heaps of immaterial, incoherēt, droſſie, rubbiſh ſtuffe, promiſcuouſly thruſt up together. Enough to infuſe dulneſſe and barrenneſſe in conceit into him that is ſo prodigall of his eares, as to give the hearing. Enough to make a mās memory ake with ſuffring ſuch durty ſtuffe caſt into it. As unwelcome to any true conceit, as ſluttiſh morſels, or wallowiſh potions to a nice ſtomack, which whiles he empties himſelfe, it ſtickes in his teeth, nor can hee bee delivered without ſweat, and ſighes, and hems, and coughs, enough to ſhake his Grandams teeth out of her head. He ſpits, and ſcratches, & ſpawles, and turnes like ſick men from one elbow to another, and deſerves as much pitty during his torture, as men in fits of *Tertian Fevers*, or ſelfe-laſhing Penitentiaries. In a word, rip him quite aſunder, and examine every ſhred of him, you

ſhall

ſhall find of him to be juſt nothing, but the ſubject of nothing; the object of contempt; yet ſuch as hee is you muſt take him, for there is no hope he ſhould ever become better.

A good Wife

IS a mans beſt moveable, a ſcien incorporate with the ſtocke, bringing ſweet fruit; one that to her husband is more than a friend, leſſe than trouble: an equall with him in the yoke. Calamities and troubles ſhe ſhares alike, nothing pleaſeth her that doth not him. She is relative in all; & he without her, but halfe himſelf. She is his abſent hands, eyes, eares, and mouth: his preſent and abſent All. She frames her nature unto his howſoever: the *Hiacinth* followes not the *Sun* more willingly. Stubbornneſſe and obſtinacy

are

are hearbs that grow not in her garden. She leaves tattling to the Gossips of the Town, and is more seene than heard. Her household is her charge; her care to that, makes her seldom *non residens*. Her pride is but to be cleanly, and her thrift not to be prodigall. By his discretion she hath children, not wantons; a husband without her, is a misery in mans apparel: none but she hath an aged husband, to whom she is both a staffe and a chaire. To conclude, shee is both wise and religious, which makes her all this.

A Melancholy Man

IS a strayer from the drove: one that Nature made a sociable, because shee made him man, and a crazed disposition hath altered. Impleasing to all, as all to him; straggling thoughts are his content, they

they make him dreame waking, there's his pleaſure. His imaginatiō is never idle, it keeps his mind in a continuall motion, as the poiſe the clocke: he winds up his thoughts often, and as often unwinds them; *Penelopes* web thrives faſter. He'le ſeldome be found without the ſhade of ſome grove, in whoſe bottome a rivet dwels. Hee carries a cloud in his face, never faire weather: his outſide is framed to his inſide, in that hee keepes a *Decorum*, both unſeemely. Speake to him; he heares with his eyes, eares follow his mind, and that's not at leyſure. He thinkes buſineſſe, but never does any: he is all contemplation, no action. He hewes and faſhions his thoughts, as if he meant them to ſome purpoſe; but they prove unprofitable, as a peece of wrought timber to no uſe. His Spirits, and the Sunne are enemies; the Sunne bright and warme, his humour blacke and cold: variety of fooliſh apparitions people his head, they ſuffer him not to breathe, according to the

neceſſi-

neceſſities of nature; which makes him ſup up a draught of as much aire at once, as would ſerve at thrice. He denies nature her due in ſleep, and nothing pleaſeth him long, but that which pleaſeth his owne fantaſies: they are the conſuming evils, & evill conſumptions that conſume him alive. Laſtly, he is a man onely in ſhew, but comes ſhort of the better part; a whole reaſonable ſoule, which is mans chiefe preeminence, and ſole marke from creatures ſenſible.

A Saylor

IS a pitcht peece of reaſon calckt and tackled, and onely ſtudied to diſpute with tempeſts. He is part of his own Proviſion, for he lives ever pickled. A forewind is the ſubſtance of his Creed; and freſh water the burden of his prayers. He is naturally ambitious, for he is ever climing:

'ming: out of which as naturally he feares; for he is ever flying: time & he are every where ever contending who ſhall arrive firſt: he is well winded, for he tires the day, and out-runs darknes. His life is like a *Hawkes*, the beſt part mewed; and if he live till three coats, is a Maſter. Hee ſees Gods wonders in the deep: but ſo, as rather they appeare his play-fellowes, than ſtirrers of his zeale: nothing but hunger and hard rockes can convert him, and then but his upper decke neither; for his hold neither feares nor hopes, his ſleepes are but repreevals of his dangers, and when he wakes, 'tis but next ſtage to dying. His wiſdome is the coldeſt part about him, for it ever points to the North: and it lies loweſt, which makes his valour every tide ore-flow it. In a ſtorme 'tis diſputable, whether the noiſe be more his, or the Elements, and which will firſt leave ſcolding; on which ſide of the ſhip hee may bee ſaved beſt, whether his faith bee ſtarre-boord faith, or lar-boord: or the helme

helme at that time not all his hope of heaven: His keele is the Embleme of his conſcience, till it be ſplit he never repents, then no farther than the land allowes him, and his language is a new confuſion: and all his thoughts new Nations: his body and his ſhip are both one burthen, nor is it knowne who ſtowes moſt wine, or rowles moſt, only the ſhip is guided, he has no ſterne: a Barnacle and hee are bred together, both of one nature, and 'tis fear'd one reaſon: upon any but a wooden horſe he cannot ride, and if the wind blow againſt him, he dare not: he ſwarves up to his ſeat as to a ſaile-yard, and cannot ſit unleſſe he beare a flag-ſtaffe: if ever he be broken to the ſaddle, 'tis but a voyage ſtill, for he miſ-takes the bridle for a bowlin, and is ever turning his horſe-taile: he can pray, but 'tis by rote, not faith, and when he would hee dares not, for his brackiſh beleefe hath made that *Ominous*. A rock or a quicke-ſand plucks him before hee bee ripe,

ripe, elſe he is gathered to his friends at *Wapping*.

A Souldier

IS the husband-man of Valour, his Sword is his plough, which honour and *Aqua-vitæ*, two fiery metald Jades, are ever drawing. A yonger brother beſt becomes Armes; an elder the thankes for them; every heat makes him a harveſt: and diſcontents abroad are his Sowers: he is actively his Princes, but paſſively his angers ſervant. He is often a deſirer of learning, which once arrived at, proves his ſtrongeſt armour: he is a lover at all points; and a true defender of the faith of women: more wealth than makes him ſeeme a handſome foe, lightly he covets not, leſſe is below him: he never truly wants, but in much having, for then his eaſe and lechery

lechery afflict him: the word *Peace* though in prayer, makes him ſtart, and God hee beſt conſiders by his power: hunger and cold ranke in the ſame file with him, and hold him to a man: his honour elſe, and the deſire of doing things beyond him, would blow him greater than the ſonnes of *Anack*. His religion is, commonly, as his cauſe is (doubtfull) and that the beſt devotion keeps beſt quarter: he ſeldome ſees gray hayres, ſome none at all, for where the ſword failes, there the fleſh gives fire: in charity, he goes beyond the Clergy; for hee loves his greateſt enemy beſt, much drinking. He ſeemes a full ſtudent, for hee is a great deſirer of controverſies, he argues ſharply, and carries his concluſion in his ſcabbard; in the firſt refining of man-kind this was the gold, his actions are his ammell. His a'av (for elſe you cannot worke him perfectly) continuall duties, heavy and weary marches, lodgings as full of need as cold diſeaſes. No time to argue,

gue, but to execute. Line him with theſe, and linke him to his ſquadrons, and hee appeares a moſt rich chaine for Princes.

A Taylor

IS a creature made up of threds, that were pared off from *Adam*, when hee was rough-caſt. The end of his Being differeth from that of others, and is not to ſerve God, but to cover ſin. Other mens pride is the beſt Patron, and their negligence, a maine paſſage to his profit. He is a thing of more than ordinary judgement: For by vertue of that, hee buyeth land, buildeth houſes, and raiſeth the low ſet roofe of his croſſe legged Fortune. His actions are ſtrong encounters, and for their notorioufneſſe alwaies upon Record. It is neither *Amadis de Gaule*, nor the Knight of the *Sun*, that is able to reſiſt them. A ten groats fee ſetteth them on foot, and a brace of Officers

bringeth them to execution. He handleth the Spaniſh Pike, to the hazzard of many poore Egyptian vermins; and in ſhew of his valour, ſcorneth a greater Gantlet, than will cover the top of his midle finger. Of all weapons he moſt affecteth the long Bill; and this he will manage to the great prejudice of a Cuſtomers eſtate. His ſpirit notwithſtanding is not ſo much as to make you thinke him man; like a true mongrell, he neither bites nor barks, but when your back is towards him. His heart is a lumpe of congealed ſnow: *Prometheus* was aſleep while it was making. Hee differeth altogether from God; for with him the beſt peeces are ſtill marked out for damnation, and without hope of recovery ſhall be caſt down into hell. He is partly an Alchymiſt; for hee extracteth his owne apparell out of other mens clothes; and when occaſion ſerveth, making a brokers ſhop his Alembicke, can turne your ſilkes into gold, and having furniſhed his neceſſities, after a month or two if he be urged unto it, reduce

duce thē again to their proper ſubſtance. He is in part likewiſe an Arithmetician; cunning enough for Multiplication and Addition, but cannot abide Subſtractiō: *Summa totalis*, is the language of his *Canaan*; *& uſque ad ultimum quadrantem*, the period of all his Charity. For any Skill in *Geometry*, I dare not commend him; For hee could never yet find out the dimenſions of his owne conſcience: Notwithſtanding he hath many bottomes, it ſeemeth this is alwaies bottomleſſe. He is double yarded, and yet his female complaineth of want of meaſure. And ſo with a *Libera nos à malo*; I leave you; promiſing to amend whatſoever is amiſſe, at his next ſetting.

A Puritane

IS a diſeas'd pecce of *Apocrypha*: bind him to the Bible, and he corrupts the whole text: Ignorance and fat feed, are his Founders; his Nurſes, Railing, Rabbies, and round breeches: his life is but a borrowed blaſt of wind: For betweene two religions, as betweene two doores, he is ever whiſtling. Truly whoſe child he is, is yet unknowne; For willingly his faith allowes no Father: onely thus far his pedegree is found, Bragger and he flouriſht about a time firſt; his fiery zeale keepes him continually coſtive, which withers him into his own tranſlation, and till he eat a Schooleman, he is hide-bound; he ever prayes againſt *Non Reſidents*, but is himſelfe the greateſt diſcontinuer, for he never keepes neere his text: any thing that the Law allowes, but Mariage, and March beere, hee murmures at; what it diſallowes and holds dan-

dangerous, makes him a diſcipline: Where the gate ſtands open, hee is ever ſeeking a ſtile: and where his Learning ought to climb, he creeps through: give him advice, you run into *Traditions*, and urge a modeſt courſe, he cryes out *Councels*. His greateſt care is to contemne obedience, his laſt care to ſerve God handſomely and cleanly. Hee is now become ſo croſſe a kind of teaching, that ſhould the Church enjoyne cleane ſhirts, hee were lowſie: more ſenſe than ſingle praiers is not his; nor more in thoſe, than ſtill the ſame petitions: from which he either feares a learned faith, or doubts God underſtands not at firſt hearing. Shew him a Ring, hee runs backe like a Beare; and hates ſquare dealing as allied to caps: a paire of Organs blow him out oth' Pariſh, and are the only gliſter-pipes to coole him. Where the meat is beſt, there he confutes moſt, for his arguing is but the efficacy of his eating: good bits he holds breed good poſitions, and the Pope hee beſt concludes againſt, in

Plom-broth. He is often drunke, but not as we are, temporally, nor can his ſleepe then cure him, for the fumes of his ambition make his very Soule reele, and that ſmall beere that ſhould allay him (ſilence) keepes him more ſurfeited, and makes his heat breake out in private houſes : women and Lawyers are his beſt Diſciples, the one next fruit, longs for forbidden Doctrine, the other to maintaine forbidden titles, both which he ſowes amongſt them. Honeſt he dare not be, for that loves order : yet if he can bee brought to Ceremony, and made but maſter of it, he is converted.

A whore

A Whore

IS a high-way to the Devill, hee that lookes upon her with deſire, begins his voyage: hee that ſtaies to talke with her, mends his pace, and who enjoyes her, is at his journies end: Her body is the tilted Lees of pleaſure, daſht over with a little decking to hold colour: taſt her, ſhe's dead, and falls upon the pallate; the ſins of other women ſhew in Landſcip, far off and full of ſhadow, hers in Statue, neere hand and bigger in the life: ſhe prickes betimes, for her ſtocke is a white thorne, which cut and grafted on, ſhee growes a Medler: Her trade is oppoſite to any other, for ſhee ſets up without credit, and too much cuſtome breakes her; The money that ſhe gets is like a Traitors, given only to corrupt her; and what ſhee gets, ſerves but to pay diſeaſes. She is ever moo'rd in ſinne, and ever mending; and after

thirty, ſhe is the Chirurgions creature: ſhame and repentance are two ſtrangers to her, and only in an hoſpitall acquainted. She lives a Reprobate, like *Cain*, ſtill branded, finding no habitation but her feares, and flies the face of Juſtice like a Felon. The firſt yeere of her trade ſhe is an Eyeſſe, ſcratches and cryes to draw on more affection: the ſecond a Soare: the third a Ramage whore: the fourth and fift, ſhe's an intermewers, preies for her ſelfe, and ruffles all ſhe reaches; from thence to ten ſhe bears the name of white Whore, and then her bloud forſakes her with ſalt Rheumes, and now ſhe has mewed three coats; now ſhee growes weary and diſeas'd together, favours her wing, checks little, but lies for it, bathes for her health, and ſcowres to keepe her coole, yet ſtill ſhe takes in ſtones, ſhee fires her ſelfe elſe: the next remove is Haggard, ſtill more cunning; and if my Art deceive me not, more crazie. All cares and cures are doubled now upon her, and line her perch, or now ſhe mewes her

her pounces, at all theſe yeares ſhe flies at fooles and kils too: the next is Buſſard Bawd, and there I leave her.

A very Whore

IS a woman. Shee enquires out all the great meetings, which are medicines for her itching. Shee kiſſeth open-mouth'd, and ſpits in the palmes of her hands to make them moiſt. Her eyes are like free-booters, living upon the ſpoile of ſtragglers; and ſhee baits her deſires with a million of proſtitute coũtenances and enticements; in the light ſhe liſtneth to parlies: but in the darke ſhee underſtandeth ſignes beſt. Shee will ſell her Smocke for Cuffes, and ſo her ſhooes be fine, ſhee cares not though her ſtockings want feet. Her modeſty is curioſitie, and her ſmell is one of her beſt ornaments. Shee paſſeth not a ſpan bredth.

And

And to have done, she is the Cook and the meat, dressing her selfe all day, to be tasted with the better appetite at night.

A meere Common Lawyer

IS the best shadow to make a discreet one shew the fairer. Hee is a *Materia prima* informed by reports, actuated by statutes, and hath his Motion by the favorable Intelligence of the Court. His law is alwayes furnisht with a Commission to arraigne his Conscience: but upon judgement given, he usually sets it at large. Hee thinkes no language worth knowing but his *Barragouin*. Onely for that point he hath beene a long time at warres with *Priscian* for a Northerne Province. He imagines that by sure excellency his profession onely is learning, and

and that it's a prophanation of the Temple to his *Themis* dedicated, if any of the liberall Arts be there admitted to offer ſtrange incenſe to Her. For indeed he is all for mony. Seven or eight yeares ſquires him out, ſome of his Nation leſſe ſtanding: and ever ſince the Night of his Call, he forgot much what he was at dinner. The next morning his man (in *Actu* or *potentia*) injoyes his pickadels. His Landreſſe is then ſhrewdly troubled in fitting him a Ruffe; his perpetuall badge. His love-letters of the laſt yeare of his Gentlemanſhip are ſtuft with *Diſcontinuances*, *Remitters*, and *Uncore priſts:* but now being enabled to ſpeake in proper perſon, hee talkes of a French-hood, in ſtead of a Joynture, wages his law, and joynes iſſue. Then he begins to ſticke his letters in his ground Chamber-window; that ſo the ſuperſcription may make his Squire-ſhip tranſparent. His Herauldry gives him place before the Miniſter, becauſe the Law was before the Goſpel.

Gospell. Next Tearme he walkes his hoopsleevegowne to the Hall; there it proclaimes him. He feeds fat in the Reading, & till it chance to his turne, dislikes no house order so much, as that the month is so contracted to a fortnight. 'Mongst his countrey neighbours, he arrogates as much honour for being Reader of an Inne of Chancery, as if it had beene of his own house. For they, poore soules, take Law and Conscience, Court and Chancery for all one. He learn'd to frame his cases from putting Riddles, and imitating *Merlins* Prophecies, and to set all the Crosse-row together by the eares. Yet his whole Law is not able to decide *Lucans* one old cõtroversie 'twixt *Tau* and *Sigma*. He accounts no man of his Cap and Coat idle, but who trots not the Circuit. Hee affects no life or quality for it selfe, but for gaine; and that at least, to the stating him in a Justice of peace-ship, which is the first quickning soule superadded to the elementary and inanimate forme of his new Tide. His

Tearmes

Teatmes are his wives vacations. Yet ſhe then may uſurpe divers Court-daies, and hath her Returnes in *Menſem*, for writs of entry: often ſhorter. His vacations are her Termers. But in aſſiſe time (the circuit being long) he may have a tryall at home againſt him by *Niſi prius*. No way to heaven he thinkes, ſo wiſe, as through *Weſtminſter Hall*; and his Clarkes commonly through it viſit both Heaven and Hell. Yet then hee oft forgets his journeyes end, although hee looke on the *Starre-Chamber*. Neither is he wholly deſtitute of the Arts. *Grammar* hee hath enough to make termination of thoſe words which his authority hath endenizon'd. *Rhetoricke* ſome; but ſo little, that its thought a concealement. *Logicke* enough to wrangle. *Arithmeticke* enough for the Ordinals of his yeare books: and number-roles: but he goes not to *Multiplication*; there's a Statute againſt it. So much *Geometrie*, that he can adviſe in a *Perambulatione facienda*, or a *Rationalibus diviſis*.

diviſis. In *Aſtronomy* and *Aſtrology* he is ſo far ſeene, that by the *Dominicall* letter, he knowes the Holy dayes, and finds by Calculation that *Michaelmas* Terme will be long and dirty. Marry hee knowes ſo much in *Muſicke*, that he affects only the moſt and cunningeſt *Diſcords*; rarely a perfect *Concord*, eſpecially ſong, except *in fine*. His skill is *perſpective* endevors much to deceive the eye of the Law, and gives many falſe colours. He is ſpecially practiſed in *Necromancy*, (ſuch a kind as is out of the Statute of *Primo*) by raiſing many *dead queſtions*. What ſufficiency he hath in *Criticiſme*, the foule copies of his *Speciall Pleas* will tell you.

Many of the ſame coat, which are much to be honoured, partake of divers of his indifferent qualities: but ſo, that *Diſcretion*, *Vertue*, and ſometimes other *good learning*, concurring and diſtinguiſhing Ornaments to them, make them as foyle to ſet their work on.

A meere

A meere Scholer.

A *Meere Scholer is an intelligible Asse.* Or a silly fellow in blacke, that speaks Sentences more familiarly than Sense. The Antiquity of his University is his Creed, and the excellency of his Colledge (though but for a match at foot-ball) an Article of his faith: he speakes Latin better than his Mother-tongue; and is a stranger in no part of the world, but his owne Countrey: he do's usually tell great stories of himselfe to small purpose, for they are commonly ridiculous, be they true or false: his Ambition is, that he either is or shall be a Graduate: but if ever he get a Fellowship, he ha's then no fellow. In spight of all *Logicke* he dares sweare and maintaine it, that a Cuckold and a Townes-

Townes-man are *Termini convertibiles*, though his Mothers Husband be an *Alderman*: he was never begottē (as it ſeems) without much wrangling; for his whole life is ſpent in *Pro & contra*: his tongue goes alwaies before his wit, like Gentleman-uſher, but ſomewhat faſter. That he is a compleat Gallant in all points, *Cap à pe*; witneſſe his horſeman-ſhip and the wearing of his weapons: he is commonly long-winded, able to ſpeake more with eaſe, than any man can endure to heare with patience. Univerſity jeſts are his univerſall diſcourſe, and his newes, the demeanor of the Proctors: his Phraſe, the apparell of his mind, is made of divers ſhreds like a cuſhion, and when it goes plaineſt, it hath a raſh outſide, and fuſtian linings. The currant of his ſpeech is clos'd with an *Ergo*; and what-ever be the queſtion, the truth is on his ſide. 'Tis a wrong to his reputation to be ignorant of any thing; and yet hee knowes not that he knowes nothing: he gives directions

ctions for Husbandry, from *Virgils Georgickes*; for Cattell, from his *Bucolicks*; for warlike Stratagems, from his *Æneides*, or *Cæsars Commentaries*: hee orders all things, and thrives in none: Skilfull in all trades, and thrives in none: hee is led more by his eares than his understanding, taking the sound of words for their true sense: and do's therefore confidently beleeve, that *Erra Pater* was the Father of heretiques; *Rodulphus Agricola*, a substātiall Farmer; and will not sticke to averre, that *Systemo's Logicke* doth excell *Keckermans*: his ill lucke is not so much in being a foole, as in being put to such pains to expresse it to the world: for what in others is naturall, in him (with much a doe) is artificiall: his poverty is his happinesse, for it makes some men beleeve, that he is none of fortunes favorites. That learning which he hath, was in Non-age put in backward like a glister, & it's now like Ware miss-laid in a Pedlers pack; a ha's it, but knowes not where

it is. In a word, his is the *Index* of a man, and the Title page of a Scholler, or a Puritane in morality; much in profeſſion, nothing in practice.

A Tinker

IS a moveable: for hee hath no abiding place; by his motion hee gathers heat, thence his cholericke nature. He ſeemes to be very devout, for his life is a continuall pilgrimage, and ſometimes in humility goes barefoot, thereon making neceſſity a vertue. His houſe is as ancient as *Tubal Cains*, and ſo is a runnagate by antiquity: yet he proves himſelfe a Gallant, for he carries all his wealth upon his back; or a Philoſopher, for he beares all his ſubſtance about him. From his Art was Muſick firſt invented, and therefore is he alwaies furniſht with a ſong: to which his hammer keeping tune,

tune, proves that he was the first founder for the Kettle-drum. Note, that where the best Ale is, there stands his musicke most upon crochets. The companion of his travels is some foule sunne-burnt Queane, that since the terrible Statute recanted Gypsisme, and is turned Pedleresse. So marches he all over England with his bag and baggage. His conversation is unreproveable; for hee is ever mending. Hee obserues truly the Statutes, and therefore he can rather steale than begge, in which hee is unremoueably constant in spight of whip, or imprisonment: and so a strong enemy to idlenesse, that in mending one hole, he had rather make three than want worke, and when hee hath done, hee throwes the wallet of his faults behind him. He embraceth naturally ancient custome, conuersing in open fields, and lowly Cottages. If he visit Cities or Townes, tis but to deale upon the imperfections of our weaker vessels. His tongue is very voluble, which with

Canting proves him a *Linguist*. He is entertain'd in every place, but enters no further than the doore, to avoid suspition. Some will take him to be a Coward; but beleeve it, he is a Lad of mettle, his valour is commonly three or foure yards long, fastned to a pike in the end for flying off. He is provident, for he will fight but with one at once, and then also hee had rather submit than be counted obstinate. To conclude, if he scape Tyburn and Banbury, he dies a begger.

An Apparatour

IS a Chicke of the egge Abuse, hatcht by the warmth of authority: hee is a bird of rapine, and begins to prey and feather together. He croakes like a Raven against the death of rich men, and so gets a Legacy unbequeath'd: his happines is in the multitude of children, for their increase

increaſe is his wealth, and to that end, he himſelfe yearely addes one. He is a cunning hunter, uncoupling his intelligencing hounds, under hedges, in thickets and corne-fields, who follow the chaſe to City-Suburbs, where often his game is at covert: his quiver hangs by his ſide, ſtuft with ſilver arrowes, which hee ſhoots againſt Church-gates, and private mens doores, to the hazard of their purſes and credit. There went but a paire of ſheeres betweene him and the purſivant of hell, for they both delight in ſin, grow richer by it, and are by juſtice appointed to puniſh it: only the Devill is more cunning, for he picks a living out of others gaines. His living lieth in his eye, which (like ſpirits) hee ſends through chinkes, and key-holes, to ſurvey the places of darkneſſe; for which purpoſe he ſtudieth the optickes, but can diſcover no colour but black, for the pure white of chaſtity dazleth his eyes. He is a Catholicke, for he is every where; and with a Politicke, for

he transforms himſelfe into all ſhapes. He travels on foot to avoid idleneſſe, and loves the Church entirely, becauſe it is the place of his edification. Hee accounts not all ſins mortall: for fornication with him is a veniall ſin, and to take bribes, a matter of charity: hee is collector for burnings and loſſes at Sea, and in caſting account, can readily ſubſtract the leſſer from the greater ſumme. Thus lives he in a golden age, till Death by a proceſſe, ſummons him to appeare.

An Almanack-maker

IS the worſt part of an Aſtronomer: a certaine compact of figures, characters and cyphers: out of which he ſcores the fortune of a yeare, not ſo profitably, as doubtfully. He is tenant by cuſtome to the Planets, of whom hee holds the 12. Houſes by leaſe paroll: to them he paies yearely

yearely rent, his ſtudie, and time; yet lets them out againe (with all his heart) for 40.s. *Per annum.* His life is meerely contemplative: for his practice, 'tis worth nothing, at leaſt not worthy of credit; & if (by chance) he purchaſe any, he loſeth it againe at the yeares end, for time brings truth to light. *Ptolomy* and *Ticho Brache* are his Patrons, whoſe volumes hee underſtands not, but admires; and the rather becauſe they are Strangers, and ſo eaſier to bee credited, than controuled. His life is upright, for he is alwayes looking upward; yet dares beleeve nothing above *Primum mobile*, for 'tis out of the reach of his *Jacobs ſtaffe*. His charity extends no further than to Mountebankes and Sow-gelders, to whom he bequeathes the ſeaſons of the yeere, to kill or torture by. The verſes of his Booke have a worſe pace than ever had *Rocheſter* Hackney: for his proſe, 'tis dappled with Inke-horne tearmes, and may ſerve for an Almanacke: but for his judging at the uncertainty of weather,

any old Shepheard ſhall make a Dunce of him. He would be thought the devils intelligencer for ſtolne goods, if ever he ſteale out of that quality: as a flie turnes to a Maggot, ſo the corruption of the cunning-man is the generation of an Empericke: his works fly forth in ſmall volumes, yet not all, for many ride poaſt to Chandlers and Tobacco ſhops in folio. To be briefe, he fals 3. degrees ſhort of his promiſes; yet is hee the Key to unlocke Termes, and Lawdayes, a dumbe *Mercurie* to point out high-wayes, and a Bayliffe of all Marts and Faires in England. The reſt of him you ſhall know next yeare; for what hee will be then, he himſelfe knowes not.

An Hypo-

An Hypocrite

IS a gilded *Pill*, compos'd of two vertuous ingredients, *Naturall diſhonesty*, and *Artificiall diſſimulation*. *Simple Fruit*, *Plant*, or *Drug*, he is none, but a deformed mixture, bred betwixt *evill Nature* and *falſe Art*, by a monſtrous *generation*; and may well bee put into the reckoning of thoſe creatures that God never made. In *Church* or *Commonwealth* (for in both theſe this *Mongrell-weed* will ſhoot) it is hard to ſay whether hee be *Phyſicke*, or a *Diſeaſe*: for he is both in divers reſpects.

As he is gilt with an outſide of *Seeming purity*, or as he offereth himſelfe to you to be taken downe in a cup or taſte of *Golden zeale* and *Simplicity*, you may call him *Phyſicke*. Nay, and never let *potion* give *Patient* good ſtoole, if being truly taſted and reliſht, he be not as lothſome to the ſtomach of any honeſt man.

He

He is alſo *Phyſicke*, in being as commodious for uſe, as hee is odious in taſte, if the *Body* of the *Company* into which he is taken, can make true uſe of him. For the malice of his nature makes him ſo *Informer-like dangerous*, in taking advantage of any thing done or ſaid: yea, even to the ruine of his makers, if hee may have benefit; that ſuch a creature in a ſociety makes men as carefull of their ſpeeches and actions, as the ſight of a knowne Cut-purſe in a throng makes thē watchfull over their purſes and pockets: hee is alſo in this reſpect profitable Phyſicke, that his converſation being once truly taſted and diſcovered, the hatefull foulnes of it will make thoſe that are not fully like him, to purge all ſuch Diſeaſes as are ranke in him, out of their own lives; as the ſight of ſome Citizens on horſe-back, make a judicious man amend his owne faults in horſemanſhip. If one of theſe uſes can bee made of him, let him not long offend the ſtomack of your cōpany; your beſt way is to ſpue him out.

That

That he is a Diſeaſe in the body where he liveth, were as ſtrange a thing to doubt, as whether there be knavery in Horſe-courſers. For if among Sheep, the rot; among Dogs, the mange; amongſt Horſes, the glaunders; amongſt Men & Women, the Northerne itch, and the French Ache be diſeaſes; an Hypocrite cannot but be the like in all States and Societies that breed him. If hee bee a Clergy Hypocrite, then all manner of vice is for the moſt part ſo proper to him, as hee will grudge any man the practice of it but himſelfe; like that grave Burgeſſe, who being deſired to lend his clothes to repreſent a part in a Comedy, anſwered: *No by his leave, he would have no body play the foole in his clothes but himſelfe.* Hence are his ſo auſtere reprehenſions of drinking healths, laſcivious talke, uſury and unconſcionable dealing; when as himſelf hating the prophane mixture of malt & water, will by his good wil let nothing come within him, but the purity of the

Grape,

Grape, whē he can get it of anothers coſt: But this muſt not be done neither, without a preface of ſeeming toothneſſe, turning up the eyes, moving the head, laying hand on the breſt, and proteſting that he would not do it but to ſtrengthen his body, being even conſumed with diſſembled zeale, and tedious and thankleſſe babbling to God and his Auditors. And for the other vices, doe but venture the making your ſelfe private with him, or truſting of him, and if you come off without a ſavour of the ayre which his ſoule is infected with, you have great fortune. The fardle of all this ware that is in him, you ſhall commonly ſee carried upon the backe of theſe two beaſts, that live within him, *Ignorance* and *Imperiouſneſſe*: and they may well ſerve to carry other vices, for of themſelves they are inſupportable. His *Ignorance* acquites him of all ſcience, humane or divine, and of all Language, but his mothers; holding nothing pure, holy or ſincere,

ſincere, but the ſenſeleſſe col'ections of his owne crazed braine, the zealous fumes of his enflamed ſpirit, and the endleſſe labours of his eternall tongue; the motions whereof, when matter and words faile, (as they often doe) muſt be patched up, to accompliſh his foure houres in a day at the leaſt, with long and fervent *Hummes*. Any thing elſe, either for language or matter, he cannot abide, but thus cenſureth: *Latine*, the language of the *Beaſt*; *Greeke*, the tongue wherein the heathen Poets wrote their fictions; *Hebrew*, the ſpeech of the *Jewes*, that crucified Chriſt: *Controverſies* doe not edifie; *Logicke* and *Philoſophie*, are the ſubtilties of *Satan* to deceive the *Simple*. Humane ſtories *prophane*, and not ſavouring of the *Spirit*: In a word, all decent and ſenſible forme of ſpeech and perſwaſion, (though in his owne tongue) vaine *Oſtentation*. And all this is the burthen of his *Ignorance*: ſaving that ſometimes *Idleneſſe* will put in alſo to beare a

part

part of the baggage. His other *Beast Imperiousnes*, is yet more proudly loaden, it carryeth a burthen, that no cords of *Authority Spirituall* nor *Temporall*, should bind, if it might have the full swinge: No *Pilat*, no *Prince* should command him: Nay he will command them, and at his pleasure censure them, if they will not suffer their eares to be fettered with the long chaines of his tedious collations, their purses to be emptied with the inundations of his unsatiable humour, and their judgements to be blinded with the muffler of his *zealous Ignorance*: for this doth he familiarly insult over his *Maintainer* that breeds him, his *Patron* that feeds him, and in time over all them that will suffer him to set a foot within their doores, or put a finger in their purses. All this, and much more is in him, that abhorring *Degrees* and *Universities*, as reliques of *Superstition*, hath leapt from a Shopboord, or a Cloakebag, to a Deske, or Pulpit, and that like

like a Sea-god in a *Pageant*, hath the rotten laths of his culpable life, and palpable ignorance, covered over with the painted-cloth of a pure gowne, and a night-cap; and with a falſe Trumpet of *Fained zeale*, draweth after him ſome poore *Nymphs* and *Madmen*, that delight more to reſort to darke Caves and ſecret places, than to open and publike aſſemblies. The *Lay-Hypocrite*, is to the other a *Champion*, *Diſciple*, and *Subject*; and will not acknowledge the tythe of the *Subjection*, to any *Miter*; no, not to any *Scepter*, that he will doe to the hooke and crooke of his Zeale-blind Shepheard. No *Jeſuites* demand more blind and abſolute obedience from their vaſſals, no Magiſtrates of the *Canting* ſociety, more ſlaviſh ſubjection from the mēbers of that travelling ſtate, than the Clerke *Hypocrites* expect from theſe lay Pulpits. Nay, they muſt not only be obeyd, fed, and defended, but admired too: and that their Lay-followers doe

doe ſincerely, as a ſhirtleſſe fellow with a Cudgell under his arme doth a face-wringing *Ballad-ſinger: a Water-bearer* on the floore of a Play-houſe, a wide-mouth'd *Poet*, that ſpeakes nothing but bladders and bumbaſt. Otherwiſe, for life and profeſſion, nature and Art, inward and outward: they agree in all, like *Canters* and *Gypſies*, they are all zeale, no knowledge: all purity, no humanity: all ſimplicity, no honeſty: and if you never truſt them, they will never deceive you.

A Maquerela,

A Maquerela, in plaine Engliſh, a Bawde

IS an old *Char-cole*, that hath been burnt her ſelfe, and therfore is able to kindle a whole greene Coppice. The burden of her ſong is like that of *Frier Bacons* head; *Time is, Time was, & Time is paſt:* in repeating which, ſhe makes a wicked brazen face, and weepes in the cup, to allay the heat of her *Aqua vitæ*. Her teeth are falne out, marry her noſe, and chin, intend very ſhortly to be friends, and meet about it. Her yeares are ſixty and odde: that ſhe accounts her beſt time of trading; for a *Bawd* is like a Medlar, ſhe's not ripe, till ſhe be rotten. Her envy is like that of the Devill, to have all faire women like her; and becauſe 'tis impoſſible they ſhould catch it being ſo young, ſhe hurries them to it by diſeaſes. Her *Parke* is a villanous barren ground; and all the Deere in it are

Raſcall: yet poore Cottagers in the Country (that know her but by heare ſay) thinke well of her; for what ſhe encloſes to day, ſhee makes *Common* to morrow. Her goods and her ſelfe are all removed in one ſort, only ſhe makes bold to take the upper hand of them, and to be carted before them; the thought of which, makes her ſhe cannot endure a poſſet, becauſe it puts her in mind of a Baſon. Shee ſits continually at a rackt Rent; eſpecially, if her *Landlord* beare Office in the pariſh: for her moveables in the houſe; (beſides her quicke cattell) they are not worth an *Inventory*, onely her beds are moſt commonly in print: ſhee can eaſily turne a Sempſtreſſe into a waiting Gentlewoman, but her Wardrobe is moſt infectious, for it brings them to the *Falling-ſickneſſe*: ſhe hath only this own ſhew of *Temperance*: that let a Gentle-man ſend for ten pottles of wine in her houſe, hee ſhall have but ten quarts; and if he want it that way, let him pay for't, and take it out in ſtewd prunes. The Juſtices Clark

ſtands

ſtands many times her very good friend; and works her peace with the Juſtice of *Quorum*. Nothing joyes her ſo much, as the comming over of Strangers, nor daunts her ſo much, as the approach of Shrovetueſday. In fine, not to foule more paper with ſo foule a ſubject, he that hath paſt under her, hath paſt the *Equinoctial*; He that hath ſcap't her, hath ſcap't worſe than the *Calenture*.

A Chamber-maid.

SHe is her miſtreſſes ſhe Secretary, and keepes the box of her teeth, her haire, and her painting very private. Her induſtry is up ſtaires, and down ſtaires like a Drawer: and by her dry hand you may know ſhe is a ſore ſtarcher. If ſhee lye at her Maſters beds feet, ſhe is quit of the *Greene ſickneſſe* for ever; For ſhe hath

rible dreames when she's awake, as if she were troubled with the *Night-mare*. She hath a good liking to dwell i'th Country, but she holds *London* the goodliest Forrest in *England*, to shelter a great belly. She reads *Greens* works over and over, but is so carried away with the *Mirror of Knighthood*, she is many times resolv'd to runne out of her selfe, and become a Lady Errand. If she catch a clap, she divides it so equally betweene the Master and the Serving-man, as if she had cut out the getting of it by a Thred: only the knave *Sumner* makes her bowle booty, and overreach the Master. The Pedant of the house, though hee promise her mariage, cannot grow further inward with her, she hath paid for her credulity often, and now growes weary. She likes the forme of our mariage very well, in that a woman is not tyde to answer to any Articles concerning questions of Virginity: Her mind, her body, and clothes, are parcels loosely tackt together, and for want of good utterance, she perpetually laughs

out her meaning. Her Miſtris and ſhe helpe to make away *Time*, to the idleſt purpoſe that can be, either for love or mony. In briefe, theſe *Chambermaids* are like Lotteries: you may draw twenty, ere one worth any thing.

A Preciſian.

TO ſpeake no otherwiſe of this *varniſht rottenneſſe*, than in truth and verity hee is, I muſt define him to be a demure Creature, full of orall Sanctity, and mentall impiety; a faire object to the eye, but ſtarke naught for the underſtanding: or elſe a violent thing, much given to contradiction. He will be ſure to be in oppoſition with the *Papiſt*, though it be ſometimes accompanied with an abſurditie;

like the Ilanders neere adjoyning unto *China*, who ſalute by puting of their ſhooes, becauſe the men of *China* doe it by their hats. If at any time he faſt, it is upon Sunday, and he is ſure to feaſt upon Friday. Hee can better affoord you ten lies, than one oath; and dare commit any ſin gilded with a pretence of ſanctity. He will not ſticke to commit Fornication or Adultery, ſo it be done in the feare of God, & for the propagation of the godly; and can find in his heart to lye with any whore, ſave the whore of *Babylon*. To ſteale he holds it lawfull, ſo it bee from the wicked and Egyptians. He had rather ſee *Antichriſt*, than a picture in the Church window: and chuſeth ſooner to be falſe hanged, than ſee a leg at the name of JESUS, or one ſtand at the *Creede*. He conceives his prayer in the Kitchin, rather than in the Church; and is of ſo good diſcourſe, that he dares challenge the *Almighty* to talke with him *ex tempore*. He thinkes every Organiſt is in the ſtate of damnation, and had rather heare one

one of *Robert Wiſdomes Pſalms*, than the beſt *Hymne* a *Cherubin* can ſing. He will not breake wind without an *Apology*, or asking forgiveneſſe, nor kiſſe a Gentlewoman for feare of luſting after her. He hath nicknamed all the Prophets and Apoſtles with his Sonnes, and begets nothing but *Vertues* for Daughters. Finally, he is ſo ſure of *his* ſalvation, that hee will not change places in Heaven with the *Virgin Mary*, without boot.

An Innes of Court man.

HEe is diſtinguiſhed from a Scholler by a paire of ſilke ſtockings, and a Beaver Hat, which makes him contemn a Scholler as much as a Scholler doth a Schoolemaſter. By that he hath heard one mooting, and ſeene two playes, he thinkes as baſely of the

Universitie, as a young *Sophister* doth of the *Grammar-schoole*. He talkes of the *Universitie*, with that state, as if he were her Chancellour; finds fault with alterations, and the fall of *Discipline*, with an, *It was not so when I was a Student*; although that was within this halfe yeare. He will talke ends of *Latine*, though it be false, with as great confidence, as ever *Cicero* could pronounce an Oration, though his best authors for't be *Taverns* and *Ordinaries*. He is as farre behinde a *Courtier* in his fashion, as a Scholer is behind him: and the best grace in his behaviour, is to forget his acquaintance.

He laughes at every man whose Band sits not well, or that hath not a faire shoo-tie, and he is ashamed to be seene in any mans company that weares not his clothes well. His very essence he placeth in his outside, and his chiefest praier is, that his revenues may hold out for Taffata clokes in the Summer, and Velvet in the Winter. For his recreation, he had rather goe to a Citizens wife, than

than a Bawdy houſe, onely to ſave charges: and he holds Fee-taile to be abſolutely the beſt tenure. To his acquaintance he offers two quarts of Wine, for one he gives. You ſhall never ſee him melancholy, but when he wants a new Suit, or feares a Sergeant: At which times onely, he betakes himſelfe to *Ploydon*. By that he hath read *Littleton*, he can call *Solon*, *Lycurgus*, and *Juſtinian*, fooles, and dares compare his Law to a *Lord Chiefe Juſtices*.

A meere fellow of an houſe.

HE is one whoſe Hopes commonly exceed his fortunes, and whoſe mind ſoares above his purſe. If he hath read *Tacitus*, *Guicchardine*, or *Gallo-Belgicus*, hee contemnes the *late Lord Treaſurer*, for all the ſtate-policy he had;

had; and laughs to think what a foole he could make of *Salomon*, if hee were now alive. He never weares new clothes, but against a Commencemẽt or a good time, & is commonly a degree behind the fashion. He hath sworne to see *London* once a yeare, though all his businesse be to see a play; walke a turne in *Pauls*, and observe the fashion. He thinkes it a discredit to be out of debt, which he never likely cleares, without resignation mony. He will not leave his part he hath in the privilege over yong Gentlemen, in going bare to him, for the Empire of *Germany*: He prayes as heartily for a scaling, as a *Cormorant* doth for a deare yeare: yet commonly he spends that revenue before he receives it.

At meales, he sits in as great state over his *Peny-Commons*, as ever *Vitellius* did at his greatest Banquet: and takes great delight in comparing his fare to my Lord *Mayors*.

If he be a leader of a *Faction*, he thinks himselfe greater than ever *Cæsar* was, or the

the *Turke* at this day is. And he had rather loſe an inheritance than an Office, when he ſtands for it.

If he be to travell, he is longer furniſhing himſelfe for a five miles journey, than a ſhip is rigging for a ſeven yeares voyage. He is never more troubled, than when hee is to maintaine talke with a Gentle-woman: wherein hee commits more abſurdities, than a Clown in eating of an egge.

He thinkes himſelfe as fine when he is in a cleane band, & a new paire of ſhooes, as any Courtier doth, when he is firſt in a New-faſhion.

Laſtly, he is one that reſpects no man in the *Univerſity*, and is reſpected by no man out of it.

A worthy

A worthy Commander in the Warres

IS one, that accounts learning the nourishment of military vertue, and laies that as his first foundation. He never bloudies his sword but in heat of battel; and had rather save one of his own Souldiers, than kill ten of his enemies. He accounts it an idle, vaine-glorious, and suspected bounty, to be full of good words; his rewarding therefore of the deserver arrives so timely, that his liberality can never be said to be gowty-handed. He holds it next his Creed, that no Coward can be an honest man, and dare die in't. He doth not thinke his body yeelds a more spreading shadow after a victory than before, and when he looks upon his enemies dead body, 'tis a kind of noble heavines, no insultation; he is so honourably

rably mercifull to women in ſurprizall, that onely, that makes him an excellent Courtier. He knowes, the hazard of battels, not the pompe of ceremonies, are Souldiers beſt Theaters, and ſtrives to gaine reputation, not by the multitude, but by the greatnes of his actions. He is the firſt in giving the charge, and the laſt in retiring his foot. Equall toyle hee endures with the common Souldier: from his example they all take fire, as one Torch lights many. He underſtands in warre, there is no meane to erre twice; the firſt, and leaſt fault being ſufficient to ruine an Army: faults therefore he pardons none; they that are preſidents of diſorder, or mutiny, repaire it by being examples of his *Juſtice*. Beſiege him never ſo ſtrictly, ſo long as the ayre is not cut from him, his heart faints not. Hee hath learned as well to make uſe of a victory, as to get it, & purſuing his enemies like a whirle-wind carries all afore him; being aſſured, if ever a man will benefit himſelfe upon his foe, then is the time,

when

when they have loſt force, wiſdome, courage, and reputation. The goodnes of his cauſe is the ſpeciall motive to his valour; never is he knowne to ſlight the weak'ſt enemy that comes arm'd againſt him in the hand of *Juſtice*. Haſty and overmuch heat he accounts the *Stepdame* to all great actions, that will not ſuffer them to drive: if he cannot overcome his *Enemy* by force, he do's it by *Time*. If ever he ſhake hands with war, he can die more calmly than moſt Courtiers, for his continuall dangers have beene as it were ſo many meditations of death; he thinkes not out of his owne calling, when he accounts life a continuall warfare, and his prayers then beſt become him when armed *Cap à pe*. Hee utters them like the great *Hebrew Generall*, on horſeback. He caſts a ſmiling contempt upon *Calumny*, it meets him as if *Glaſſe* ſhould encounter *Adamant*. He thinks warre is never to be given ore, but on one of theſe three conditions: an aſſured *peace*, abſolute *victory*, or an honeſt *death*. Laſtly, when peace

peace folds him up, his ſilver head ſhould lean neere the golden Scepter, and dye in his *Princes* boſome.

A vaine-glorious Coward in Command

IS one, that hath bought his place, or come to it by ſome Noble-mans letter: he loves a life dead payes, yet wiſhes they may rather happen in his Company by the ſcurvy, than by a battell. View him at a muſter, and he goes with ſuch a noiſe, as if his body were the wheele-barrow that carried his judgement rumbling to drill his Souldiers. No man can worſe define betweene *Pride* and noble *Courteſie*: he that ſalutes him not ſo farre as a Piſtoll carries levell, gives him the *diſguſt* or *affront*, chuſe you whether. Hee traines by the booke,

booke, and reckons ſo many poſtures of the Pike and Musket, as if he were counting at Noddy. When he comes at firſt upon a Camiſado, he lookes like the foure winds in painting, as if hee would blow away the enemy; but at the very firſt on-ſet, ſuffers feare and trembling to dreſſe themſelves in his face apparantly. He ſcornes any man ſhould take place before him: yet at the entring of a *breach*, he hath been ſo humble-minded, as to let his Lieutenant lead his Troopes for him. He is ſo ſure arm'd for taking hurt, that he ſeldome does any: and while he is putting on his Armes, he is thinking what ſumme he can make to ſatisfie his ranſome. He will raile openly againſt all the great *Commanders* of the adverſe party; yet in his owne conſcience allowes them for better men: ſuch is the nature of his feare, that contrary to all other filthy qualities it makes him thinke better of another man than himſelfe. The firſt part of him that is ſet a running, is his

Eye.

Eye-ſight: when that is once ſtruck with terrour, all the *Coſtive Phyſicke* in the world cannot ſtay him; if ever he do any thing beyond his owne heart, 'tis for a *Knighthood*, and he is the firſt kneeles for't without bidding.

A Pyrate

TRuly defined, is a *bold Traytor*; for he fortifies a Caſtle againſt the King. Give him Sea-roome in never ſo ſmall a veſſell, and like a witch in a ſcive, you would thinke he were going to make merry with the Devill. Of all callings his is the moſt deſperate, for he will not leave off his theeving, though he be in a narrow priſon, and looke every day (by tempeſt or fight) for execution. He is one plague the Devill hath added, to make the Sea more terrible than a ſtorme; and his heart is ſo hardned in that rugged element, that hee

cannot repent, though he view his grave (before him) continually open: he hath ſo little of his owne, that the houſe he ſleeps in is ſtoln; all the neceſſities of life he filches, but one: he cannot ſteale a ſound ſleep, for his troubled conſcience. Hee is very gentle to thoſe under him, yet his rule is the horribleſt tyranny in the world, for he gives licence to all rape, murder, and cruelty, in his own example: what he gets, is ſmall uſe to him, onely lives by it, (ſomewhat the longer) to do a little more ſervice to his belly; for he throwes away his treaſure upon the ſhore in riot, as if he caſt it into the Sea. He is a *cruell Hawke* that flies at all but his owne kind: and as a *whale* never comes a-ſhore but when ſhee is wounded; ſo he very ſeldome, but for his neceſſities. He is the *Merchants book*, that ſerves onely to reckon up his loſſes; *a perpetuall Plague* to noble traffique, the *Hurican of the Sea, and the Earth-quake of the Exchange*. Yet for all this give him but his pardon, and forgive him reſtitution,

tion, he may live to know the inside of a Church, and die on this side Wapping.

An ordinary Fencer

IS a fellow, that beside shaving of Cudgels, hath a good insight into the world, for hee hath long beene beaten to it. Flesh and bloud he is, like other men; but surely nature meant him *Stockfish*: his, and a Dancing-schoole, are inseparable adjuncts; and are bound, though both stinke of sweat most abominable, neither shall complaine of annoyance: three large Bavins set up his Trade, with a Bench, which (in the vacation of the afternoone) he uses for his day-bed: for a firkin to pisse in, he shall be allowed that, by those make *Allom:* when hee comes on the Stage at his Prize, he makes a legge seven severall wayes, and

ſcrambles for mony, as if he had beene borne at the *Bathe* in *Somerſet-ſhire*: at his challenge he ſhewes his metall; for contrary to all rules of *Phyſick*, hee dares bleed, though it be in the dog-dayes: he teaches *Deviliſh* play in's Schoole, but when he fights himſelfe, hee doth it in the feare of a good Chriſtian, he compounds quarrels among his Schollers, and when he hath brought the buſineſſe to a good upſhot, he makes the reckoning. His wounds are ſeldome above skin-deepe; for an inward bruiſe, Lambſtones and ſweet-breads are his onely *Sperma Ceti*, which he eats at night, next his heart faſting: ſtrange Schoole-maſters they are, that every day ſet a man as far backward as he went forward; and throwing him into a ſtrange poſture, teach him to threſh *ſatisfaction* out of *injury*. One ſigne of a good nature is, that hee is ſtill open breſted to his friends: for his foile, and his doublet, weare not out above two buttons, and reſolute hee is, for he ſo much ſcorns to take blowes,

that

that he never weares *Cuffes*; and he lives better contented with a little, than other men; for if he have two eyes in's head, he thinkes Nature hath overdone him. The Lord *Mayors* triumph makes him a man, for that's his beſt time to flouriſh. Laſtly, theſe fencers are ſuch things, that care not if all the world were ignorant of more Letters than onely to read their Patent.

A Puny-Clarke.

HEe is tane from *Grammar-ſchoole* halfe codled, and can hardly ſhake off his dreames of breeching in a twelve moneth. Hee is a Farmers ſonne, and his fathers utmoſt ambition is to make him an *Atturney*. He doth itch towards a Poet, and greaſes his breeches extremely with feeding without a napkin. He ſtudies falſe Dice

to cheat Coſtermongers, and is moſt chargeable to the Butler of ſome *Inne of Chancery*, for piſſing in their green-pots. Hee eats ginger-bread at a play-houſe; and is ſo ſawcy, that he ventures fairly for a broken pate at the banquetting houſe, and hath it. Hee would never come to have any wit, but for a long *vacation*, for that makes him bethinke him how hee ſhall ſhift another day. Hee prayes hotly againſt faſting; and ſo hee may ſup well on Friday nights, he cares not though his maſter be a *Puritane*. He practiſes to make the words in his *Declaration* ſpread, as a Sewer doth the diſhes at a Niggards Table; a Clarke of a ſwooping *Daſh*, is as commendable as a Flanders horſe of a large taile. Though you be never ſo much delay'd, you muſt not call his Maſter knave; that makes him goe beyond himſelfe, and write a Challenge in Court-hand; for it may be his own another day. Theſe are ſome certaine of his *liberall faculties*: but in the Tearme time, his *Clog* is a *Buckrom*

Bag. Laſtly, which is great pitty, he never comes to his full growth, with bearing on his ſhoulder the ſinfull burthen of his Maſter at ſeverall Courts in *Weſtminſter.*

A Foot-man.

LEt him bee never ſo well made, yet his legs are not matches, for hee is ſtill ſetting the beſt foot forward. Hee will never be a ſtaid man, for he has had a running head of his own, ever ſince his child-hood: His mother (which out of queſtion, was a light-heel'd wench) knew it, yet let him run his race; thinking age would reclaime him frō his wild courſes. He is very long winded; and, without doubt, but that he hates naturally to ſerve on horſe-back, he had proved an excellent Trumpet. He has one happineſſe a-

bove all the reſt of the Servingmen: for when he moſt over-reaches his Maſter, he is beſt thought of. He lives more by his owne heat than the warmth of clothes; and the waiting-woman hath the greateſt fancy to him, when hee is in his cloſe trouſes. Gards hee weares none; which makes him live more upright than any croſſe-gartered Gentleman-uſher. 'Tis impoſſible to draw his picture to the life, cauſe a man muſt take it as he's running; only this, Horſes are uſually let bloud on S. *Stevens* day: on S. *Patricks* he takes reſt, and is drencht for all the yeare after.

A Noble and retired Houſe-keeper

IS one whoſe bounty is limitted by *Reaſon*, not *oſtentation:* and to make it laſt, he deales it diſcreetly, as wee ſow the *furrow*, not by the ſacke, but by

by the handfull. His word and his meaning never ſhake hands and part, but alway goe together. He can ſurvay good, and love it, and loves to doe it himſelfe, for it owne ſake, not for thankes. Hee knows there is no ſuch miſery as to outlive good name, nor no ſuch folly as to put it in practice. His mind is ſo ſecure, that *thunder* rockes him aſleepe, which breakes other mens ſlumbers, *Nobility* lightens in his eyes: and in his face and geſture is painted, *The God of Hoſpitality*. His great houſes beare in their front more durance, than ſtate; unleſſe this adde the greater ſtate to them, that they promiſe to out-laſt much of our new phantaſticall building. His *heart* never growes old, no more than his *Memory*, whether at his booke or on horſebacke; hee paſſeth his time in ſuch noble exerciſe, a man cannot ſay, any time is loſt by him: nor hath hee onely *yeares*, to approve he hath lived till he be old, but *Vertues*. His thoughts have a high *Ayme*, though their dwelling bee in the *Vale of*

an

an humble heart, whence as by an *Engine* (that raiſes water to fall, that it may riſe the higher) he is heightned in his humility. The *Adamant* ſerves not for all Seas, but this doth; for he hath, as it were, put a gird about the whole world, and found all her *quicke-ſands*: He hath this hand over *Fortune*, that her injuries, how violent or ſudden ſoever, they do not daunt him; for whether his time call him to live or die, he can doe both nobly: if to fall, his deſcent is breſt to breſt with vertue; and even then, like the *Sunne* neere his Set, hee ſhewes unto the world his *cleereſt countenance*.

An

An Intruder into favour

IS one, that builds his reputation on others infamy : for ſlander is moſt commonly his morning prayer. His paſſions are guided by *Pride*, and followed by *Injuſtice*. An inflexible anger againſt ſome poore ſutor, he falſly cals a *Couragious conſtancie*, and thinkes the beſt part of gravity to conſiſt in a ruffled forehead. He is the moſt ſlaviſhly ſubmiſſe, though envious to thoſe that are in better place than himſelfe; and knowes the Art of words ſo well, that (for ſhrowding diſhoneſty under a faire pretext) he ſeems to preſerve mud in Chryſtall. Like a man of a kind nature, he is the firſt good to himſelfe, in the next file, to his French Taylor, that gives him all his perfection : for indeed, like an *Eſtridge*, or *Bird of Paradiſe*, his feathers are more worth than his body. If ever he doe good

good deed (which is very ſeldome) his owne mouth is the *Chronicle* of it, leſt it ſhould die forgotten. His whole body goes all upon *skrewes*, and his face is the *Vice* that moves them. If his *Patron* be given to muſicke, he opens his chops, and *Sings*, or with a wrie necke, fals to tuning his inſtrument: if that faile, he takes the height of his Lord with a Hawking pole. He followes the mans fortune, not the man: ſeeking thereby to increaſe his owne. He pretends he is moſt undeſervedly envied, and cries out, remembering the game, *Cheſſe*, that a Pawne before a King is moſt playd on. Debts hee owes none, but ſhrewd turns, and thoſe he payes ere he be ſued. He is a flattering *Glaſſe* to conceale age, and wrinkles. He is *Mountaines Monkie*, that climbing a tree, and skipping from bough to bough, gives you backe his face; but come once to the top, he holds his noſe up into the wind, and ſhewes you his tayle: yet all this gay glitter, ſhewes on him, as if the Sunne ſhone

in

in a puddle; for he is a ſmall wine that will not laſt; and when he is falling, hee goes of himſelfe faſter than miſery can drive him.

A faire and happy Milk-maid

IS a Countrey Wench, that is ſo farre from making her ſelfe beautifull by Art, that one looke of hers is able to put *all face-Phyſicke* out of countenance. She knowes a faire looke is but a *Dumbe Orator* to commend vertue, therefore minds it not. All her excellencies ſtand in her ſo ſilently, as if they had ſtolne upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparell (which is her ſelfe) is farre better than outſides *of Tiſſew*: for though ſhe be not arrayed in the ſpoile of the *Silke-worme*, ſhee is deckt in *innocency*, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long abed, ſpoile

ſpoile both her *complexion* and *conditions*; Nature hath taught her, too *immoderate ſleepe is ruſt to the Soule:* ſhe riſes therefore with *Chaunticleare* her dames Cock, and at night makes the *Lamb* her *Corfew*. In milking a Cow, and ſtraining the Teats through her fingers, it ſeemes that ſo ſweet a Milk-preſſe makes the Milk the whiter or ſweeter; for never came *Almond Glove* or *Aromatique Oyntment* of her Palme to taint it. The golden eares of corne fall and kiſſe her feet when ſhee reapes them, as if they wiſht to be bound and led priſoners by the ſame hand that fell'd them. Her breath is her own, which ſents all the yeare long of *June*, like a new made Haycock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart ſoft with pitty: and when winters evenings fall early (ſitting at her mery wheele) ſhe ſings a defiance to the giddy *wheele of Fortune*. She doth all things with ſo ſweet a grace, it ſeems *ignorance* will not ſuffer her to doe ill, being her mind is to doe well.

She

Shee beſtowes her yeares wages at next fire; and in chuſing her garments, counts no bravery i'th'world, like decency. The *Garden* and *Bee-hive* are all her *Phyſick* and *Chyrurgery*, and ſhe lives the longer for't. She dares goe alone, and unfold ſheepe i'th'night, and feares no manner of ill, becauſe ſhe meanes none: yet to ſay truth, ſhe is never alone, for ſhe is ſtill accompanied with old *ſongs, honeſt thoughts*, and *prayers*, but ſhort ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not pauled with inſuing idle cogitations. Laſtly, her dreames are ſo chaſte, that ſhee dare tell them: only a Fridaies dream is all her *ſuperſtition:* that ſhe conceales for feare of anger. Thus lives ſhe, and all her care is ſhe may die in the *Spring-time*, to have ſtore of flowers ſtucke upon her winding-ſheet.

An arrant Horſe-courſer

HAth the trick to blow up Horſe-fleſh, as the Butcher doth Veale, which ſhall waſh out again in twice riding twixt *Waltham* and *London*. The Trade of Spurre-making had decayed long ſince, but for this ungodly tyreman. He is curſt all over the foure ancient High-wayes of England; none but the blind men that ſell ſwitches i'th' Road are beholding to him. His Stable is fill'd with ſo many Diſeaſes, one would thinke moſt part about Smithfield were an Hoſpitall for Horſes, or a ſlaughter-houſe of the Common-hunt. Let him furniſh you with a Hackney, 'tis as much as if the Kings warrant overtooke you within ten miles to ſtay your journey. And though a man cannot ſay, he couzens you directly; yet any Oſtler within ten miles, ſhould he

be

be brought upon his Book-oath, will affirme he hath laid a bayt for you. Resolve when you first stretch your selfe in the stirrops, you are put as it were upon some Usurer, that will never beare with you past his day. He were good to make one that had the Collick alight often, and (if example will cause him) make urine; let him onely for that say, *Gra' mercy Horse.* For his sale of horses, hee hath false covers for all manner of diseases, onely comes short of one thing (which he despaires not utterly to bring to perfection) to make a horse goe on a wodden leg and two crutches. For powdring his eares with Quicksilver, and giving him suppositories of live Eeles he's expert. All the while you are a cheapning, he fears you will not bite; but hee laughs in his sleeve, when he hath coozened you in earnest. Frēchmen are his best chapmen, he keeps amblers for them on purpose, and knowes he can deceive thē very easily. Hee is so constant to his Trade, that while hee is awake, he tries

any man he talkes with, and when he's asleep, he dreams very fearfully of the paving of Smithfield, for hee knowes it would founder his occupation.

A Roaring Boy.

HIs life is a meere counterfet Patent: which nevertheleſſe makes many a Countrey Juſtice tremble. *Don Quixotes Water-mills* are ſtill Scotch Bagpipes to him. He ſends Challenges by word of mouth: for he proteſts (as he is a Gentleman and a brother of the Sword) he can neither write nor read. He hath runne through divers parcels of Land, and great houſes, beſide both the Counters. If any private quarrell happen among our great Courtiers; he proclaimes the *buſineſſe*, that's the word, the *buſineſſe*; as if the united

nited forces of the *Romiſh Catholickes* were making up for *Germany*. He cheats young Guls that are newly come to Towne; and when the keeper of the Ordinary blames him for it, he anſwers him in his owne Profeſſion, that a *Woodcocke* muſt be pluckt ere he be dreſt. He is a *Supervisor* to Brothels, and in them is a more unlawfull reformer of vice, than Prentices on Shrove-tueſday. He loves his friend, as a Councellor at Law loves the velvet breeches he was firſt made Bareſter in, he'l be ſure to weare him thredbare ere he forſake him. He ſleepes with a Tobacco-pipe in's mouth; and his firſt praier i'th' morning is, he may remember whom he fell out with over night. *Souldier* he is none, for he cannot diſtinguiſh 'tweene *Onion-ſeed* and *Gunpowder*: if he have worne it in his hollow tooth for the Toothach, and ſo come to the knowlege of it, that's all. The Tenure by which he holds his meanes, is an eſtate at will; and that's borrowing. Land-lords have but foure Quarter-dayes; but he three hun-

dred and odde. He keepes very good *Company*; yet is a man of no *reckoning*: and when he goes not drunk to bed, he is very ſick next morning. He commonly dies like *Anacreon*, with a Grape in's throat; or *Hercules*, with fire in's marrow. And I have heard of ſome (that have ſcap't hanging) begg'd for *Anatomies*; only to deterre man from taking *Tobacco*.

A Drunken Dutchman reſident in England,

IS but a Quarter-Maſter with his wife, Hee ſtinkes of Butter, as if hee were anointed all over for the Itch. Let him come over never ſo leane, and plant him but one Moneth neere the Brew-houſes in S. *Katherines*, and he'l bee puft up to your hand like a bloat Herring. Of all places

places of pleaſure, he loves a Common Garden, and (with the Swine of the Pariſh) had need bee ringed for rooting. Next to theſe he effects Lotteries naturally; and bequeaths the beſt prize in his Will aforehand; when his hopes fall, he's blanke. They ſwarme in great Tenements like Flies: ſixe Houſeholds will live in a Garret. He was wont (onely to make us fooles) to buy the Fox-skin for three pence, and ſell the taile for a ſhilling. Now his new Trade of brewing Strong-waters makes a number of mad-men. He loves a Welſhman extremely for his Diet and Orthography; that is, for plurality of conſonants, and cheeſe. Like a Horſe, he's onely guided by the mouth: when he's drunke, you may thruſt your hand into him like an Eeleskin, and ſtrip him, his inſide outwards. He hoordes up faire gold, and pretends 'tis to ſeethe in his Wives broth for a conſumption, and loves the memory of King *Henry* the 8. moſt eſpecially for his old Soveraignes.

He ſaies we are unwiſe to lament the decay of Timber in England: for all manner of buildings or Fortification whatſoever, he deſires no other thing in the world, than Barrels and Hop-poles. To conclude, the only two plagues he trēbles at, is ſmall Beere, and the Spaniſh Inquiſition.

A Phantaſtique.

An Improvident young Gallant.

THere is a confederacy between him and his clothes, to be made a puppy: view him well, and you'll ſay his Gentry ſits as ill upon him, as if he had bought it with his penny. He hath more places to ſend money to, than the Devill hath to ſend his ſpirits; and to furniſh each Miſtreſſe, would make him run beſides his

his wits, if he had any to loſe. He accoſts baſhfulneſſe the wickedſt thing in the world; and therefore ſtudies Impudence. If all men were of his mind, all honeſty would be out of faſhion: he withers his clothes on a Stage, as a Sale-man is forc't to doe his ſutes in Birchin-lane; and when the Play is done, if you marke his riſing, 'tis with a kind of walking Epilogue between the two candles, to know if his ſuit may paſſe for currant: hee ſtudies by the diſcretion of his Barber, to frizle like a Baboone: three ſuch would keep three the nimbleſt Barbers in the town, from ever having leiſure to weare net-Garters: for when they have to doe with him, they have many Irons in'th fire. He is travelled, but to little purpoſe; only went over for a ſquirt, and came back againe, yet never the more mended in his conditions, 'cauſe he carried himſelfe, along with him: a Scholler he pretends himſelfe, and ſaies he hath ſweat for it: but the truth is, he knowes *Cornelius* far better than *Tacitus*: his ordinary

ſports are Cock-fights: but the moſt frequent, horſe races, from whence hee comes home dry-foundred. Thus when his purſe hath caſt her calfe, he goes downe into the Country: where hee is brought to milke and white cheeſe like the *Switzers*.

A Button-maker of Amſterdam

IS one that is fled over for his *Conſcience*, & left his wife and children upon the Pariſh. For his knowledge, he is meerely a *Horne-book* without a *Chriſt-Croſſe* afore it: and his zeale conſiſts much in hanging his Bible in a Dutch button: he coozens men in the purity of his clothes: and 'twas his only joy when he was on this ſide, to be in Priſon: hee cries out, 'Tis impoſſible for any man to be damn'd, that lives in his Religion, and his equivocation is true: as long as a man lives

lives in't, he cannot; but if he die in't, therere's the queſtiõ. Of all Feaſts in the yeare, he accounts S. *Georges* Feaſt the prophaneſt, becauſe of S. *Georges* Croſſe, yet ſomtime he doth *ſacrifice* to his own belly; provided, that hee put off the Wake of his owne nativity, or wedding, till *good Friday*. If there be a great Feaſt in the Towne, though moſt of the wicked (as he cals them) be there, he will be ſure to bee a gueſt, and to out-eat ſix of the fatteſt *Burgers*: he thinks, though hee may not pray with a *Jew*, he may eat with a *Jew*: he winkes when he prayes, and thinkes he knowes the way ſo now to heaven, that hee can find it blindfold. Latine he accounts the language of the *Beaſt* with ſeven heads; and when hee ſpeakes of his owne Countrey, cries, he is fled out of *Babel*. Laſtly, his devotion is *Obſtinacy*; the only ſolace of his heart, *Contradition*; and his maine end, *Hypocriſie*.

A diſtaſter

A Diſtaſter of the Time

IS a *Winter Graſhopper* all the yeare long that looks back upon *Harveſt*, with a leane paire of cheekes, never ſets forward to meet it: his malice ſucks up the greateſt part of his owne venome, and therewith impoiſoneth himſelfe: & this ſickneſſe riſes rather of *ſelfe-opinion, or over-great expectation*; ſo in the conceit of his own over-worthineſſe, like a *Coiſtrell*, he ſtrives to fill himſelfe with wind, and flies againſt it. Any mans advancement is the moſt capitall offence that can be to his malice: yet this envy, like *Phalaris Bull*, makes that a torment, firſt for himſelfe, he prepared for others: he is a *Day-bed for the Devill* to ſlumber on; his bloud is of a yellowiſh colour; like thoſe that have beene bitten by *Vipers*; and his gaule flowes as thick in him as oyle in a poyſon'd ſtomack. He infects all ſociety, as thunder ſowres wine: war or peace, dearth

or

or plenty, makes him equally discontented. And where hee finds no cause to tax the State, he descends to raile against the rate of Salt-butter. His wishes are *whirlewinds*; which breath'd forth, returne into himselfe, and make him a most giddy & tottering vessell. When he is awake, and goes abroad, he doth but walk in his sleep, for his visitatiõ is directed to none; his businesse is nothing. He is often dumb-mad, and goes fetter'd in his owne entrailes. Religion is commonly his pretence of discontent, though he can be of all religions; therefore truly of none. Thus by unnaturalizing himselfe, some would thinke him a very dangerous fellow to the State, but he is not greatly to be fear'd: for this dejection of his, is only like a Rogue that goes on his knees and elbowes in the mire, to further his cogging.

A meere fellow of an Houſe

EXamines all mens carriage but his own; and is ſo kind-natured to himſelfe, he finds fault with all mens but his owne. He weares his apparell much after the faſhion; his meanes will not ſuffer him come too nigh: they afford him *Mockvelvet*, or *Satiniſco*; but not without the Colleges next leaſes acquaintance: his inſide is of the ſelfe-ſame faſhion, not rich: but as it reflects from the glaſſe of ſelfe-liking, there *Cræſus* is *Irus* to him. He is a *Pedant* in ſhew, though his title be *Tutor*; and his *Pupils*, in a broader phraſe, are *ſchoole-boyes*. On theſe he ſpends the falſe gallop of his tongue; and with ſenſeleſſe diſcourſe towes them alone, not out of ignorance. He ſhewes them the rind, conceales the ſap: by this meanes he keeps them the longer, himſelfe the better. He hath learnt to cough, and ſpit, and blow his noſe at every period,

riod, to recover his memory: and ſtudies chiefely to ſet his eyes and beard to a new forme of learning. His Religion lies in waite for the inclination of his Patron; neither ebs nor flowes, but juſt ſtanding water, betweene *Proteſtant* and *Puritane*. His dreames are of plurality of Benefices and Non-reſidency; and when he riſes, acts a long Grace to his lookingglaſſe. Againſt he comes to be ſome great mans Chaplaine, he hath a habit of boldneſſe, though a very Coward. He ſpeakes ſwords, fights, *Ergo's*: His pace on foot is a meaſure; on horſe-back a gallop: for his legs are his owne, though horſe and ſpurres are borrowed. He hath leſſe uſe than poſſeſſion of Books. He is not ſo proud, but he will call the meaneſt Author by his name; nor ſo unskilled in the Herauldry of a ſtudy, but he knowes each mans place. So ends that fellowſhip, and begins another.

A meere Petty fogger

IS *one of Sampſons Foxes:* He ſets men together by the eares, more ſhamefully than *Pillories*; and in a long vacation his ſport is to goe a fiſhing *with the Penall ſtatutes*. He cannot erre before Judgment, and then you ſee it, only *writs of error* are the *Tariers* that keepe his *Client* undoing ſomewhat the longer. He is a veſtry-man in his Pariſh, and eaſily ſets his neighbour at variance with the *Vicar*, when his wicked *Counſell* on both ſides is like weapons put into mens hands by a *Fencer*, whereby they get blowes, he money. His honeſty and learning bring him to *Under-Shriveſhip*, which having thrice runne through, he doe's not feare the *Lieutenant* o'th' Shire: nay more, he feares not God. *Cowardiſe* holds him a good Commonwealths man; his pen is the plough, and parchment the Soyle, whence he reapes both

both Coyne and curſes. Hee is an *Earthquake*, that willingly will let no ground lye in quiet. Broken titles make him whole; to have halfe in the County break their Bonds, were the only liberty of Conſcience. He would wiſh (though he be a *Broniſt*) no neighbour of his ſhould pay his Tithes duly, if ſuch Suits held continuall Plea at *Weſtminſter*. He cannot away with the reverend Service in our Church, becauſe it ends with *The peace of God*. He loves blowes extremely, and hath his *Chirurgians* bill of all rates, from head to foot, to incenſe the fury: he would not give away his yearely beatings for a good peece of mony. He makes his Will in forme of a Law-caſe, full of quiddits, that his friends after his death (if for nothing elſe, yet) for the vexation of Law, may have cauſe to remember him. And if he thought the ghoſts of men did walke againe (as they report in time of Popery) ſure he would hide ſome ſingle money in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, that his ſpirit might haunt there.

Only

Only with this, I will pitch him o're the Bar, and leave him, That his fingers itch after a Bribe, ever ſince his firſt practiſing of Court-hand.

An Ingroſſer of Corne.

THere is no vermine in the Land like him, he ſlanders both Heaven and earth with pretended Dearths, when there's no cauſe of ſcarcity. His hoording in a deere yeare, is lik *Eriſichthons* Bowels in *Ovid: Quodque urbibus eſſe; quodque ſatis poterat populo, non ſufficit uni.* Hee prayes daily for more incloſures, and knowes no reaſon in his Religion, why we ſhould call our forefathers dayes, *The time of ignorance*, but onely becauſe they ſold Wheate for twelve pence a buſhell. He wiſhes that *Dantzig* were at the *Moloccos*; and had rather be cer-

certaine of ſome forraine invaſion, than of the ſetting up of the Stilyard. When his barnes and garners are full (if it be a time of dearth) he will buy halfe a buſhell i'th' Market to ſerve his Houſhold: and winnowes his Corne in the night, leſt, as the Chaffe throwne upon the water, ſhew'd plenty in Egypt; ſo his (carried by the wind) ſhould proclaime his abundance. No painting pleaſes him ſo well, as *Pharaohs* dreame of the ſeven leane Kine, that ate up the fat ones; that he has in his Parlor, which he will deſcribe to you like a motion, and his comment ends with a ſmothered prayer for the like ſcarcity. He cannot away with Tobacco; for he is perſwaded (and not much amiſſe) that 'tis a ſparer of bread-corne; which he could find in's heart to tranſport without Licence: but weighing the penalty, he growes mealy-mouth'd and dares not. Sweet ſmels he cannot abide; wiſhes that the pure aire were generally corrupted: nay, that the ſpring had loſt her fragrancy for ever,

or we our ſuperfluous ſenſe of ſmelling, (as he tearmes it) that his Corne might not be found muſty. The poore he accounts the Juſtices intelligencers, and cannot abide them: he complaines of our negligence of diſcovering new parts of the world, onely to rid them from our Climate. His Son, by a certaine kind of inſtinct, he binds Prentice to a Taylor, who all the terme of his Indenture, hath a deare yeare in's belly, and ravins bread extremely: when he comes to be a freeman (if it be a dearth) he maries him to a Bakers daughter.

A Devilliſh Uſurer

IS ſowed as *Cummin* or *Hemp-ſeed*, with curſes; and he thinkes he thrives the better. He is far better read in the *Pœnall Statutes*, than the Bible; and his evill

evill angell perſwades him, he ſhall ſooner bee ſaved by them. He can bee no mans friend; for all men he hath moſt intereſt in, hee undoes: and a double dealer hee is certainly, for by his good will, he ever takes the forfeit. He puts his mony to the unnatural Act of generatiõ; and his Scriv'ner is the ſupervi ſor bawd to't. Good deeds hee loves none, but Seal'd and Delivered: nor doth he wiſh any thing to thrive in the Country, but Bee-hives; for they make him wax rich. He hates all but Law-Latine, yet thinks he might be drawne to love a Scholer, could hee reduce the yeare to a ſhorter compaſſe, that his uſe money might come in the faſter. He ſeemes to be the ſonne of a Jaylor, for all his eſtate is in moſt heavy and cruell bonds. Hee doth not give, but ſell daies of paiment, and thoſe at the rate of a mans undoing: he doth onely feare the day of Judgement ſhould fall ſooner, than the paiment of ſome great ſum of money due to him: he removes his lodging when a ſubſidie

comes; and if he be found out, and pay it, he grumbles Treaſon; but 'tis in ſuch a deformed ſilence, as Witches raiſe their ſpirits in. Gravity he pretends in all things, but in his private Whore; for he will not in a hundred pound take one light ſixe pence; and it ſeemes hee was at *Tilbury Campe*; for you muſt not tell him of a *Spaniard*. He is a man of no conſcience; for (like the *Jakes-farmer* that ſwounded with going into Bucklersbury) hee falls into a cold ſweat, if hee but looke into the Chauncerie: thinkes in his religion, we are in the right for every thing, if that were aboliſht: hee hides his mony as if hee thought to find it againe at the laſt day, and then begin's old trade with it. His clothes plead preſcription; and whether they or his body are more rotten, is a queſtion: yet ſhould hee live to be hang'd in them, this good they would doe him, The very Hangman would pity his caſe. The Table he keepes, is able to ſtarve twenty tall men; his ſervants

vants have not their living, but their dying from him, and that's of Hunger. A ſpare diet he commends in all men, but himſelfe: he comes to Cathedrals only for love of the ſinging-boyes, becauſe they looke hungry. He likes our Religion beſt, becauſe 'tis beſt cheape; yet would faine allow of Purgatory, cauſe 'twas of his Trade, and brought in ſo much money: his heart goes with the ſame ſnaphance his purſe doth, 'tis ſeldome open to any man: friendſhip he accounts but a word without any ſignification; nay, he loves all the world ſo little, that and it were poſſible, he would make himſelfe his owne Executor: for certaine, he is made Adminiſtrator to his owne good name, while he is in perfect memory, for that dyes long afore him; but he is ſo far from being at the charge of a Funerall for it, that he lets it ſtinke above ground. In concluſion, for neighbourhood, you were better dwell by a contentious Lawyer. And for his death, 'tis either Surfet, the Pox or deſ-

paire, for seldome such as he die of Gods making, as honest men should doe.

A Water-man

IS one that hath learnt to speak well of himselfe; for alwaies he names himselfe, *The first Man*. If he had betane himselfe to some richer Trade, he could not have choos'd but done well: For in this (though it be a meane one) he is still plying it, and putting himselfe forward. He is evermore telling strange Newes, most commonly lyes. If he be a Sculler, aske him if he be maried, he'l equivocate and sweare he's a single man. Little trust is to be given to him, for he thinks that day he does best, when he fetches most men over. His daily labour teaches him the art of dissembling: for like a fellow that rides to the pillory, he goes not that way he lookes: he keeps such a bawling at Westminster, that if the Lawyers were

were not acquainted with it, an order would be tane with him. When he is upon the Water, he is Fare-company: when he comes ashore, he mutinies, and contrary to all other Trades, is most surly to Gentlemen, when they tender payment: the Playhouses only keep him sober; and as it doth many other Gallants, make him an after-noones man. London-bridge is the most terrible eye-sore to him that can be. And to conclude, nothing but a *great Presse*, makes him flye from the River; nor any thing, but a great *Frost*, can teach him any good manners.

A Reverend Judge.

IS one that desires to have his greatnes, only measur'd by his goodnes: his care is to appeare such to the people, as hee would have them be; and to be himselfe such as he appeares; for vertue cannot seeme one thing, and be another: he knowes that the hill of greatnesse yeelds a most delightfull prospect; but withall, that it is most subject to lightning, and thunder: and that the people, as in ancient *Tragedies*, sit and censure the actions of those in authority: he squares his own therefore, that they may farre be above their pitty: he wishes fewer Laws, so they were better observ'd: and for those are mulctuary, he understands their institution not to be like briers or Springes, to catch every thing they lay hold of; but like Sea-markes (on our dangerous *Goodwin*) to avoid the shipwrack of ignorant passengers: he hates to wrong any man; neither

neither hope, nor deſpaire of preferment can draw him to ſuch an exgigent: hee thinks himſelfe then moſt honourably ſeated, when hee gives mercy the upper hand: he rather ſtrives to purchaſe good name, than land; and of all rich ſtuffes forbidden by the Statute, loathes to have his followers weare their clothes cut out of bribes and extortions. If his Prince call him to higher place, there he delivers his mind plainely, and freely, knowing for truth, there is no place wherein diſſembling ought to have leſſe credit, than in a Princes Councell. Thus honor keeps peace with him to the grave, and doth not (as with many) there forſake him, and goe back with the Heraulds: but fairely ſits ore him, and broods out of his memory, many right excellent Common-wealths men.

Aver-

A vertuous Widow

IS the Palme-tree, that thrives not after the ſupplanting of her husband. For her childrens ſake ſhe firſt maries, for ſhe maried that ſhe might have children, and for their ſakes ſhe maries no more. She is like the pureſt Gold, only imployed for Princes Medals, ſhee never receives but one mans impreſſion; the large joynture moves her not, titles of honour cannot ſway her. To change her name, were (ſhe thinkes) to commit a ſinne ſhould make her aſham'd of her husbands calling. She thinks ſhe hath travel'd all the world in one man; the reſt of her time therefore ſhe directs to heaven. Her maine ſuperſtition is, ſhe thinks her husbands ghoſt would walk, ſhould ſhe not performe his will: ſhe would doe it, were there no

Prero-

Prerogative Court. She gives much to pious uſes, without any hope to merit by them: and as one Diamond faſhions another, ſo is ſhe wrought into workes of Charity, with the duſt or aſhes of her husband. She lives to ſee her ſelfe full of time; being ſo neceſſary for earth, God cals her not to heaven, till ſhee be very aged: and even then, though her naturall ſtrength faile her, ſhe ſtands like an ancient *Pyramid*; which the leſſe it grows to mans eie, the neerer it reaches to heaven. This latter Chaſtity of hers, is more grave and reverend, than that ere ſhee was maried: for in it, is neither hope, nor longing, nor feare, nor jealouſie. She ought to be a mirrour for our yongeſt Dames to dreſſe themſelves by, when ſhe is fulleſt of wrinkles. No calamity can now come neere her; for in ſuffering the loſſe of her husband, ſhe accounts all the reſt trifles. She hath laid his dead body in the worthieſt monument that can be. She hath buried it in her owne heart. To conclude, She is a Relique, that without any

any superstition in the world, though she will not be kist, yet may be reverenc't.

An ordinary Widow

IS like the Heraulds Hearse-cloth; she serves to many funerals, with a very little altering the colour. The end of her Husband begins in teares; and the end of her teares begins in a Husband. She uses to cunning women to know how many husbands she shall have, and never maries without the consent of six Midwives. Her chiefest pride is in the multitude of her Suitors; and by them she gaines: for one serves to draw on another, and with one at last she shoots out another, as boyes doe Pellets in Elderne Guns. She commends to them a single life, as Horse-coursers doe their Jades, to put them away. Her fancy is to one of

of the biggeſt of the Gard, but Knighthood makes her draw in in a weaker Bow. Her ſervants or kinsfolke, are the Trumpeters that ſummon any to his combat; by them ſhe gaines much credit, but loſeth it againe in the old Proverbe: *Fama eſt mendax.* If ſhe live to be thrice maried, ſhe ſeldome failes to coozen her ſecõd husbands Creditors. A churchmã ſhe dare not venture upon; for ſhe hath heard widowes complain of dilapidations: nor a Souldier, though he have Candle-rents in the Citie, for his eſtate may be ſubject to fire: very ſeldome a Lawyer, without he ſhewes his exceeding great practice, and can make her caſe the better: but a Knight with the old rent may do much, for a great comming in is all in all with a Widow: ever provided, that moſt part of her Plate and Jewels (before the wedding) be conceal'd with her Scrivener. Thus like a too-ripe Apple, ſhe falls off her ſelfe: but he that hath her, is Lord but of a filthy purchaſe, for the title is

crack't

crack't. Laſtly, while ſhe is a Widow obſerve her, ſhe is no morning woman: the evening, a good fire, and ſacke, may make her liſten to a husband: and if ever ſhe be made ſure, 'tis upon a full ſtomack to bed-ward.

A Quackſalver

IS a Mountebank of a larger Bill than a Taylor, if he can but come by names enow of diſeaſes to ſtuffe it with, 'tis all the skill he ſtudies for. He tooke his firſt beginning from a Cunning woman, and ſtole this black Art from her, while hee made her ſea-coale fire. All the diſeaſes ever ſin brought upon man, doth he pretend to be a Curer of; when the truth is, his maine cunning is Corn-cutting. A great plague makes him, what with raylingagainſt ſuch, as leave their cures for feare

feare of infection, & in friendly breaking Cake-bread, with the Fiſh-wives at funerals, he utters a moſt abominable deale of *Carduus water*, and the Conduits cry out, All the Learned Doctors may caſt their Caps at him. He parts ſtakes with ſome Apothecary in the ſuburbs, at whoſe houſe he lies: and though he be never ſo familiar with his Wife, the Apothecary dares not (for the richeſt horne in his Shop) diſpleaſe him. All the Midwives in the Towne are his Intelligencers; but Nurſes and young Merchants Wives (that would faine conceive with child) theſe are his Idolaters. He is a more unjuſt bone-ſetter, than a dice-maker; he hath put out more eyes than the ſmall Pox; more deafe than the *Cataracts* of *Nilus*; lamed more than the Gowt: ſhrunk more ſinews than one that makes bowſtrings, and kild more idly than Tobacco. A Magiſtrate that had any way ſo noble a ſpirit, as but to love a good horſe well, would not ſuffer him to be a farrier: his diſcourſe is vomit, and his ignorance,

rance, the ſtrongeſt purgation in the world: to one that would be ſpeedily cured, he hath more delayes and doubles, than a Hare, or a Law-ſuit: he ſeekes to ſet us at variance with nature, and rather than he ſhall want diſeaſes, hee'l beget them. His eſpeciall practice (as I ſaid afore) is upon women; labours to make their minds ſick, ere their bodies feele it, and then ther's work for the Dog leach. He pretends the cure of mad-men; and ſure he gets moſt by them, for no man in his perfect wit would meddle with him. Laſtly, he is ſuch a Juggler with Urinals, ſo dangerouſly unskilfull, that if ever the City will have recourſe to him for diſeaſes that need purgation, let them employ him in ſcowring *Moore-ditch*.

A Can-

A Canting Rogue.

THis not unlikely but he was begot by ſome Intelligencer under a hedge; for his mind is wholly given to travell. Hee is not troubled with making of joyntures: he can divorce himſelfe without the fee of a Proctor, nor feares hee the cruelty of over-ſeers of his will. Hee leaves his children all the world to Cant in, & all the people to their fathers. His Language is a conſtant tongue; the Northerne ſpeech differs from the South, Welſh from the Corniſh: but Canting is generall, nor ever could be altered by conqueſt of the *Saxon*, *Dane*, or *Norman*. He will not beg out of his limit though hee ſterve; nor breake his oath if hee ſweare by his *Salomon*, though you hang him: and hee payes his cuſtome as truly to his Grand Rogue, as tribute is paid to the great Turke. The

March Sunne breeds agues in others, but hee adores it like the *Indians*; for then begins his progresse after a hard winter. Ostlers cannot indure him, for hee is of the Infantry, and serves best on foot. He offends not the Statute against the excesse of apparell, for hee will goe naked, and counts it a voluntary penance. Forty of them lye in a Barne together, yet are never sued upon the Statute of Inmates. If hee were learned, no man could make a better description of *England*; for hee hath travel'd it over and over. Lastly, he brags, that his great houses are repaired to his hands, when Churches goe to ruine: and those are prisons.

A French Cooke.

HE learnt his trade in a Towne of Gariſon neere famiſh't, where hee practiſed to make a little goe farre; ſome drive it from more antiquity, and ſay, *Adam* (when he pickt ſallets) was of his occupation. He doth not feed the belly, but the Palate; and though his command lie in the Kitchin (which is but an inferiour place) yet ſhall you find him a very ſawcy companion. Ever ſince the wars in *Naples*, he hath ſo minc't the ancient and bountifull allowance, as if his Nation ſhould keepe a perpetuall dyet. The Servingmen call him the laſt relique of Popery, that makes men faſt againſt their conſcience. He can be truly ſaid to be no mans fellow but his Maſters: for the reſt of his ſervants are ſtarved by him. He is the prime cauſe why Noble-

men build their houſes ſo great : for the ſmalneſſe of their Kitchin, makes the houſe the bigger : and the Lord cals him his Alchymiſt that can extract gold out of hearbs, roots, muſhromes, or any thing : that which he dreſſes, we may rather call a drinking, than a meale ; yet he is ſo full of variety, that he brags, & truly, that hee gives you but a taſte of what he can doe : he dare not for his life come among the butchers ; for ſure they would quarter and bake him after the Engliſh faſhion ; hee's ſuch an enemy to Beefe and Mutton. To conclude, hee were only fit to make a funerall feaſt, where men ſhould eat their victuals in mourning.

A Sexton

A Sexton

IS an ill-willer to humane nature. Of all Proverbs, hee cannot endure to heare that which sayes, We ought to live by the quick, not by the dead. He could willingly all his life time be confinde to the Church-yard; at least within five foot on't: for at every Church stile, commonly ther's an Ale-house: where let him be found never so idle pated, hee is still a grave drunkard. He breaks his fast heartiliest while hee is making a grave, and sayes, the opening of the ground makes him hungry. Though one would take him to bee a Sloven, yet hee loves cleane linnen extremely, and for that reason takes an order that fine holland sheetes be not made wormes meat. Like a Nation called the *Cusani*, hee weepes when any are borne, and laughes when they die: the reason; he gets by Burials,

not Christnings: he will hold argument in a Taverne over Sack, till the Diall and himselfe be both at a stand: he never obserues any time but Sermon time, and there hee sleepes by the houre-glasse. The Rope-maker payes him a pension, and hee payes tribute to the Physician; for the Physician makes worke for the Sexton, as the Rope-maker for the hangman. Lastly, hee wishes the Dog-dayes would last all yeere long: and a great plague is his yeere of Jubilee.

A Iesuite.

IS a larger Spoone for a Traytour to feed with the Devill, then any other Order: unclaspe him, and hee's a gray Wolfe, with a golden Starre in the forehead: so superstitiously he followes the Pope, that he forsakes Christ, in not giving *Cæsar* his due. His vowes seeme heavenly; but in meddling with State-

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buſineſſe, he ſeemes to mix heaven and earth together. His beſt Elements, are Confeſſion and Penance: by the firſt, he finds out mens inclinations; and by the latter, heapes wealth to his Seminary. He ſprang from *Ignatius Loyola*, a *Spaniſh* Souldier; and though he were found out long ſince the invention of the Canon, 'tis thought hee hath not done leſſe miſchiefe. He is a halfe Key to open Princes Cabinets, and pry into their Counſels; and where the Popes excommunication thunders, he holds it no more ſinne the decrowning of Kings, than our Puritanes doe the ſuppreſſion of Biſhops. His order is full of irregularitie and diſobedience; ambitious above all meaſure; for of late dayes, in *Portugall* and the *Indies*, he rejected the name of Jeſuite, and would be call'd Diſciple. In *Rome*, and other Countries that give him freedome, he weares a maske upon his heart; in *England* he ſhifts it, & puts it upon his face. No place in our Climate hides him ſo ſecurely as a Ladies

Chamber : the modesty of the *Pursevant* hath only forborne the bed, and so mist him. There is no Disease in Christendome, that may so properly be call'd *The Kings evill*. To conclude, would you know him beyond Sea ? In his Seminary, hee's a Fox ; but in the Inquisition, a Lyon Rampant.

An excellent Actor.

WHatsoever is commendable to the grave Orator, is most exquisitely perfect in him ; for by a full and significant action of body, hee charmes our attention : sit in a full Theater, and you will thinke you see so many lines drawne from the circumference of so many eares, whiles the *Actor* is the *Center*. He doth not strive to make nature monstrous, she is often seene in the same Scene with him, but neither

neither on Stilts nor crutches ; and for his voice, tis not lower than the prompter ; not lowder than the Foile or Target. By his action hee fortifies morall precepts with examples ; for what wee ſee him perſonate, we thinke truly done before us : a man of a deepe thought might apprehend, the ghoſt of our ancient *Heroes* walk't againe, and take him (at ſeverall times) for many of them. Hee is much affected to painting, and tis a queſtion whether that make him an excellent Player, or his Playing an exquiſite Painter. Hee addes grace to the Poets labours : for what in the Poet is but ditty, in him is both ditty and muſick. He entertaines us in the beſt leaſure of our life, that is betweene meales, the moſt unfit time either for ſtudy or bodily exerciſe. The flight of Hawkes and chaſe of wilde Beaſts, either of them are delights noble : but ſome thinke this ſport of men the worthier, deſpight all *calumny*. All men have beene of his occupation : and indeed,

deed, what hee doth fainedly, that doe others eſſentially : this day one playes a Monarch, the next a private perſon. Here one acts a Tyrant, on the morrow an Exile : A Paraſite this man to night, to morrow a Preciſian, and ſo of divers others. I obſerve, of all men living, a worthy actor in one kinde is the ſtrongeſt motive of affection that can be: for when hee dyes, wee cannot be perſwaded any man can doe his parts like him. But to conclude, I value a worthy Actor by the corruption of ſome few of the quality, as I would doe gold in the oare; I ſhould not mind the droſſe, but the purity of the metall.

A Franklin.

A Franklin.

HIs outſide is an ancient Yeoman of England, though his inſide may give armes (with the beſt Gentlemen) and ne're ſee the Herauld. There is no truer ſervant in the Houſe than himſelfe. Though he be Maſter, he ſayes not to his ſervants, Goe to field, but, Let us goe; and with his owne eye, doth both fatten his flock, and ſet forward all manner of husbandrie. Hee is taught by nature to bee contented with a little; his owne fold yeelds him both food and rayment: hee is pleas'd with any nouriſhment God ſends, whilſt curious gluttony ranſackes, as it were, *Noahs Arke* for food, onely to feed the riot of one meale. He is ne'r knowne to goe to Law; underſtanding, to bee Law-bound among men, is like to bee hide-bound among his beaſts; they thrive not under it: and that ſuch men

ſleepe

ſleepe as unquietly, as if their pillowes were ſtuft with Lawyers pen-knives. When he builds, no poore Tenants cottage hinders his proſpect: they are indeed his Almes-houſes, though there be painted on them no ſuch ſuperſcription: he never ſits up late, but when he hunts the Badger, the vow'd foe of his Lambs: nor uſes hee any cruelty, but when hee hunts the Hare, nor ſubtilty, but when he ſets ſnares for the Snite, or pitfalls for the Black-bird; nor oppreſſion, but when in the moneth of July, he goes to the next River, and sheares his ſheepe. He allowes of honeſt paſtime, and thinkes not the bones of the dead any thing bruiſed, or the worſe for it, though the country Laſſes dance in the Church-yard after Even-ſong. Rock Munday, and the Wake in Summer, ſhrovings, the wakefull ketches on Chriſtmas Eve, the Hoky, or Seed cake, theſe he yeerely keepes, yet holds them no reliques of popery. He is not ſo inquiſitive after newes derived from the privie

privy clozet, when the finding an eiery of Hawkes in his owne ground, or the foaling of a colt come of a good ſtraine, are tydings more pleaſant, more profitable. Hee is Lord paramount within himſelfe, though hee hold by never ſo meane a Tenure ; and dyes the more contentedly (though he leave his heire young) in regard he leaves him not liable to a coverous Guardian. Laſtly, to end him ; hee cares not when his end comes, hee needs not feare his Audit, for his *Quietus* is in heaven.

A Rymer.

IS a fellow whoſe face is hatcht all over with impudence, and ſhould hee bee hang'd or pilloried, tis armed for it. Hee is a Juggler with words, yet practiſes the Art of moſt uncleanely con-

conveyance. He doth boggle very often; and becauſe himſelfe winks at it, thinks tis not perceived: the maine thing that ever he did, was the tune hee ſang to. There is nothing in the earth ſo pittifull, no not an Ape-carrier, hee is not worth thinking of, and therefore I muſt leave him as nature left him; a Dunghill not well laid together.

A Covetous

A Covetous man.

THis man would love honour and adore God, if there were an L more in his name : Hee hath coffind up his ſoule in his cheſts before his body ; Hee could wiſh he were in *Mydas* his taking for hunger, on condition he had his chymicall quality. At the grant of a new ſubſidy he would gladly hang himſelfe, were it not for the charge of buying a Rope, and begins to take money upon uſe, when he heares of a privy ſeale. His morning prayer is to over-looke his baggs, whoſe every parcell begets his adoration. Then to his ſtudies, which are how to coozen this Tenant, begger that widow, or to undoe ſome Orphane. Then his bonds are viewed, the well-knowne dayes of payment con'd by heart ; and if he ever pray, it is, ſome one may breake his day, that the beloved forfeiture may be obtained. His uſe is doubled,

doubted, and no one ſixpence begot or borne, but preſently by an untimely thrift it is getting more. His chimney muſt not be acquainted with fire, for feare of miſchance, but if extremitie of cold pinch him, hee gets him heat with looking on, and ſometime removing his aged wood-pile, which he meanes to leave to many deſcents, till it hath outlived all the woods of that Countrey. He never ſpends candle but at Chriſtmas (when he has them for new-yeeres gifts) in hope that his ſervants will breake glaſſes for want of light, which they doubly pay for in their wages. His actions are guilty of more crimes than any other mens thoughts, and he conceives no ſin which hee dare not act ſave only luſt; from which he abſtaines for feare hee ſhould be charged with keeping Baſtards: once a yeere he feaſts, the reliques of which meale ſhall ſerve him the next quarter. In his talke hee railes againſt eating of breake-faſts, drinking betwixt meales, and ſweares he is impoveriſhed

verished with paying of tythes. He had rather have the frame of the world fall, than the price of Corne. If he chance to travel, he curses his fortune that his place binds him to ride, & his faithfull cloak-bag is sure to take care for his provision. His nights are as troublesome as his daies, every Rat awakes him out of his unquiet sleeps. If he have a daughter to marry, he wishes he were in Hungary, or might follow the custom of that country, that all her portion might be a wedding Gown. If he fall sicke, he had rather dye a thousand deaths, than pay for any physick: & if he might have his choice, he would not goe to heaven but on condition he may put money to use there. In fine, he lives a drudge, dies a wretch, that leaves a heap of pelfe (which so many carefull hands had scraped together) to haste after him to hell, and by the way it lodges in a Lawyers purse.

The proud Man

IS one in whom pride is a quality that condemnes every one beſides his maſter, who when hee weares new clothes, thinks himſelfe wrong'd, if they bee not obſerv'd, imitated, and his diſcretion in the choice of his faſhion and ſtuffe ap-plauded: when he vouchſafes to bleſſe the ayre with his preſence, hee goes as neere the wall as his Sattin ſuit will give him leave, and every paſſenger he viewes under the eye-browes, to obſerve whether he vailes his bonnet low enough, which hee returnes with an Imperious Nod: he never ſalutes firſt, but his farewell is perpetuall. In his attire he is effeminate, every haire knows his owne ſtation; which if it chance to loſe, it is checkt in againe with his pocket combe. He had rather have the whole Commonwealth out of order, than the leaſt member

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ber of his Muchato, & chooſes rather to loſe his patrimony, than to have his band ruffled; at a feaſt if hee be not placed in the higheſt ſeat, hee eats nothing, howſoever, hee drinks to no man, talks with no man for feare of familiarity. He profeſſeth to keep his ſtomack for the *Pheaſant* or the *Quaile*, and when they come, he can eat little, hee hath been ſo cloyed with them that yeare, although they be the firſt he ſaw. In his diſcourſe he talks of none but Privy Councellors, and is as prone to be-lye their acquaintance, as he is a Ladies favors: if he have but twelvepence in's purſe, he will give it for the beſt room in a play-houſe. He goes to ſermons, only to ſhew his gay clothes, & if on other inferiour daies he chance to meet his friend, hee is ſorry he ſees him not in his heſt ſuit.

A Priſon.

IT ſhould be Chriſts Hoſpitall: for moſt of your wealthy Citizens are good benefactors to it; and yet it can hardly be ſo, becauſe ſo few in it are kept upon Almes. Charities houſe and this, are built many miles aſunder. One thing notwithſtanding is here praiſe worthy, for men in this perſecution cannot chuſe but prove good Chriſtians, in that they are a kind of Martyrs, and ſuffer for the truth. And yet it is ſo curſed a peece of Land, that the ſonne is aſhamed to be his fathers heire in it. It is an infected peſt-houſe all the yeare long: the plague-ſores of the Law, are the diſeaſes here hotly reigning. The Surgeons are Atturnies and Pettifoggers, who kill more than they cure. *Lord have mercy upon us*, may well ſtand over theſe doores, for debt

debt is a moſt dangerous and catching City peſtilence. Some take this place for the walks in Moore-fields, (by reaſon the madmen are ſo neere) but the croſſes here and there are not alike. No: it is not halfe ſo ſweet an ayre. For it is the Dunghill of the Law, upon which are thrown the ruines of Gentry, and the naſty heaps of voluntary decayed Bankrupts, by which means it comes to bee a perfect medall of the iron Age, ſithence nothing but gingling of keyes, rattling of ſhackles, bolts, & grates are here to be heard. It is the horſe of Troy, in whoſe womb are ſhut up all the mad Greekes that were men of action. The *Nullum vacuum* (unleſſe in priſoners bellies) is here truly to bee proved. One excellent effect is wrought by the place it ſelfe, for the arranteſt coward breathing, being poſted hither, comes in three dayes to an admirable ſtomack. Does any man deſire to learne muſick? every man here ſings *Lachrymæ* at firſt ſight, and hardly out; hee runnes diviſion upon every

note; and yet (to their commendations bee it ſpoken) none of them (for all that diviſion) doe trouble the Church. They are no Anabaptiſts; if you aske under what Horizon this climate lyes, the *Bermoodas* and it are both under one and the ſame height. And wheras ſome ſuppoſe that this Iland (like that) is haunted with Divels, it is not ſo: for thoſe divels (ſo talked of, and feared) are none elſe but hoggiſh Jaylors. Hither you need not ſayle, for it is a ſhip of it ſelfe: the Maſters ſide is the upper deck. They in the common Jayle lye under hatches, and helpe to ballaſt it. Intricate caſes are the Tacklings, Executions the Anchors, Capiaſſes the Cables, Chancery-bils the huge Sayles, a long Terme the Maſt, Law the Helme, a Judge the Pylot, a Counſel the Purſer, an Attorney the Boatſwain, his fletting Clark the Swabber, Bonds the Waves, Out-lawries Guſts, the Verdicts of Juries rough winds, Extents the Rocks that ſplit all in peeces. Or if it be not a Ship, yet this and

a ſhip differ not much in the building; the one is mooving miſery, the other a ſtanding. The firſt is ſeated on a Spring, the ſecond on Piles. Either this place is an Embleme of a Bawdy-houſe, or a Bawdy-houſe of it: for nothing is to be ſeene (in any roome) but ſcurvy beds and bare walls. But (not ſo much to diſhonor it) it is an Univerſity of poore Schollers, in which three Arts are chiefely ſtudied: To pray, to curſe, and to write Letters.

A Priſoner

IS one that hath beene a monied man, and is ſtill a very cloſe fellow; whoſoever is of his acquaintance, let them make much of him, for they ſhall find him as faſt a friend as any in Engl'and: he is a ſure man, and you know where to find him. The corruption of a Bankrupt, is commonly the generation of this

creature: hee dwels on the back side of the World, or in the Suburbs of Society, and lives in a Tenement which he is sure none will goe about to take over his head. To a man that walkes abroad, he is one of the *Antipodes*, That goes on the top of the world; and This under it. At his first comming in, hee is a *peece* of *new coyne*, all sharking old prisoners lye sucking at his purse. An old man and *he* are much alike, neither of them both goe farre. They are still angry, and peevish, and they sleepe little. Hee was borne at the *fall of Babel*, the confusion of Languages is onely in his mouth. All the Vacations, he speakes as good English, as any man in England, but in *Tearme times* he breaks out of that hopping one-legg'd pace, into a *tacking trot* of *Issues*, *Billes*, *Replications*, *Rejoynders*, *Demurres*, *Querelles*, *Subpena's*, *&c.* able to fright a simple Countrey fellow, and make him beleeve he Conjures. Whatsoever his Complexion was before, it *turnes* (in this place) to *Choler* or deepe

Melan-

Melancholy, ſo that hee needs every houre to take Phyſick to looſe his body, for that (like his eſtate) is very *foule* and *corrupt*, and extremely *hard bound*. The taking of an *Execution* off his ſtomack, gives him five or ſixe ſtooles, and leaves his body very ſoluble. The *withdrawing* of an Action, is a *Vomit*. Hee is no ſound man, and yet an utter Barreſter (nay, a Sergeant of the Caſe) will feed heartily upon him; hee is very good picking meat for a Lawyer. The Barber Surgeons may (if they will) beg him for an *Anatomie* after hee hath ſuffered an Execution, an excellent Lecture may bee made upon his body: for hee is a kind of dead carkaſſe, *Creditors*, *Lawyers*, and *Jaylors* devoure it: *Creditors* peck out his eyes with his owne teares, *Lawyers* flay off his owne skinne, and lappe him in parchment, and *Jaylors* are the *Promethean Vultures* that gnaw his very heart. Hee is a bond-ſlave to the Law, and (albeit he were a Shop-keeper in *London*) yet he cannot with ſafe conſcience

ſcience write himſelfe a *freeman*. His *Religion* is of five or ſix colours, this day he prayes that God would turne the hearts of his Creditors and to morrow he curſeth the time that ever he ſaw them. His *apparell* is dawb'd commonly with Statute lace, the *ſuit* it ſelfe of *durance*, and the *boſe* full of long Paines. He hath many other laſting ſuits, which he himſelfe is never able to *weare* out, for they *weare* out him. The *Zodiaque* of his life, is like that of the *Sun* (marry not halfe ſo glorious.) It begins in *Aries*, and ends in *Piſces*. Both *Head* and *Feet* are (all the yeare long) in troubleſome and laborious *motions*, and *Weſtminſter Hall* is his *Sphæra*. Hee lives betweenne the two *Tropiques*, (*Cancer* and *Capricorne*) and by that means is in double danger (of crabbed Creditors) for his *purſe*, and *hornes* for his *head*, if his wives heeles bee light. If hee be a *Gentleman*, he alters his *armes* ſo ſooneas he comes in. Few (heere) carry *fields* or *argent*, but what ſoever they bare before, here they give onely *Sables*. Whiles he

lies

lies by it, he's travelling ore the *Alps*, and the hearts of his creditors are the ſnows that lye unmelted in the middle of Summer. He is an *Almanack* out of date: none of his daies ſpeake of faire Weather. Of all the files of men, hee marcheth in the laſt and comes limping, for he is ſhot, & is no man of this world. He hath loſt his way, and being benighted, ſtrayed into a wood full of *wolves*, & nothing ſo hard as to *get away*, without being devoured. Hee that walkes from ſix to ſix in *Pauls*, goes ſtill but a quoites caſt before this man.

A Cre-

A Creditor

IS a fellow that torments men for their good *conditions*. He is one of *Deucalions* ſons begotten of a ſtone. The marble Images in the Temple Church, that lye croſſe-legg'd, doe much reſemble *him*, ſaving that *this* is a little more *croſſe*. Hee weares a forfeited bond under that part of his girdle where his *thumb* ſtickes, with as much pride as a *Welchman* does a *Leek* on S. *Davids* day, and quarrels more and longer about it. He is a *Catchpoles* mornings draught: for the newes that ſuch a gallant's come yeſternight to Towne, drawes out of him both muſcadel and mony too. He ſaies the *Lords praier backwards*, or (to ſpeake better of him) he hath a *Pater noſter* by himſelf, and that *particle*, *Forgive us our debts, as we forgive others*, &c. he either quite leaves out, or els leaps over it. It is a dangerous rub in the alley of his conſcience. He is the *Bloud-hound* of the *law*, and hunts *counter*, very ſwiftly and with

with great judgement. He hath a *quicke ſent* to ſmell out his game, and a good *deepe mouth* to purſue it, yet never opens till he bites, and bites not till hee *killes*, or at leaſt drawes *bloud*, and then hee *pincheth* moſt *doggedly*. Hee is a Lawyers Moyle, and the onely beaſt upon which he *ambles* ſo often to *Weſtminſter*. And a Lawyer is his God *Almighty*, in *him* only he truſts, to *him* he flyes in all his troubles, from *him* he ſeekes ſuccour; to *him* he prayes, that hee may by his meanes overcome his enemies: *Him* does hee worſhip both in the *Temple* and *abroad*, and hopes by *him* and good *Angels*, to proſper in all his *actions*. A Scrivener is his *Farriar*, and helps to recover all his diſeaſed and maimed Obligations. Every Tearme he ſets up a *Tenters* in Weſtminſter Hall, upon which he rackes and ſtretches Gentlemen like Engliſh *broadcloth*, beyond the ſtaple of the Wooll, till the threds cracke, and that cauſeth them with the leaſt wet to ſhrink, and preſently to weare *bare*: Marie hee handles

handles a Citizen (at leaſt if himſelfe be one) like a peece of *Spaniſh cloth*, gives him onely a twitch, and ſtraines him not too hard, knowing how apt he is to *breake of himſelfe*, and then he can cut nothing out of him but ſhreds. To the one, he comes like *Tamberlaine*, with his *blak* and *bloudy flag*. But to the other, his white one hangs out, and (upon the parley) rather than faile, he takes ten groats i'th' pound for his *ranſom*, & ſo lets him *march* away with *Bag* and *Baggage*. From the beginning of *Hilary* to th' end of *Michaelmas*, his purſe is full of *Quickſilver*, and that ſets him running from *Sun-riſe* to *Sun-ſet* up *Fleet-ſtreet*, and ſo to the *Chancery*, from thence to *Weſtminſter*, then back to one *Court*, after that to another; then to *Attorney*, then to a *Concellour*, and in every of theſe places, he melts ſome of his *Fat* (his money.) In the Vacation he goes to graſſe, and gets up his *Fleſh* againe, which he bates as you heard. If he were to bee hang'd, unleſſe he could be ſav'd by his book, hee cannot for his heart call for a

Pſalme

Pſalme of *Mercy*. He is a *Law-trap* baited with parchment and wax; the fearefull *Mice* he catches, are debters, with whom *ſcratching Attorneyes* (like cats) play a good while, and then *mouze* them. The *Belly* is an *unſatiable creditor*, but *Man* worſe.

A Sergeant.

WAs once taken (when he *bare office* in his pariſh) for an honeſt man. The ſpawn of a *decaied Shop-keeper* begets this *Fry*; out of that *dunghill* is this *Serpents egge* hatched. It is a Divell made ſomtimes out of one the twelve Companies, and does but ſtudy the part and rehearſe it on earth, to be perfect when he comes to act it in hell: that is his ſtage. The hangman and he are *twinnes*; onely the *hangman* is the elder Brother, and hee dying without iſſue (as commonly hee does

does, for none but a *Rope-makers* widdow will marry him) this then inherites. His *habit* is a long *Gowne*, made at first to cover his knavery, but that *growing* too monstrous, hee now goes in Buffe: his Conscience and that, being both *cut* out of one Hide, and are of one toughnesse. The *Counter gate* is his *kennell*, the *whole City* his *Paris garden*, the misery of a poore man (but especially a bad liver) is the Offalles on which he feeds. The Devill cals him his *white sonne*; he is so like him, that hee is the worse for it, and hee takes after his Father; for the one *torments bodies*, as fast as the other *tortures soules*. *Money* is the *Crust* he leaps at: *Crie, a Ducke, a Ducke*, and hee plunges not so eagerly as at *this*. The *dogs chaps water* to fetch nothing else: he hath his name for the same quality; For *Sergeant*, is *Quasi See Argent*; looke you *Rogue* here is mony. Hee goes *muffled* like a Theefe, & carries still the marks of one, for he *stales* upon man *cowardly*, *Plucks* him by the Throat, makes him *stand*;

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and fleeces him. In this they differ, the theefe is more *valiant* and more *honest*. His walkes in Terme times are up *Fleet-street*, at the end of the Terme up Holborne, and so to Tyburne, the gallowes are his purlues, in which the *Hang-man* and *Hee* are *Quarter rangers*, the one *turnes* off, and the other *cuts downe*. All the vacation hee lies imboag'de behinde the lattice of some blinde, drunken, bawdy Ale-house, and if he spie his prey, out he leapes, like a free-booter, and rifles; or like a *Ban-dog* worries. No Officer to the Citie, keepes his oath so *uprightly*; he never is forsworne, for hee sweares to be *true Varlet* to the City, and he continues so to his dying day. *Mace*, which is so comfortable to the stomacke in all kinde of meats, turnes in his hand to mortall poyson. This Raven pecks not out mens eyes as others doe, all his spite is at their shoulders, and you were better to have the *Night-Mare* ride you, than this *Incubus*. When any of the Furies of Hell die, this *Cacodæmon* hath

the reverſion of his place. He will venture as deſperately upon the *Pox* as any *Roaring boy* of them all. For when hee arreſts a *whore*, himſelfe puts her in common baile at his owne perill, and ſhee paies him ſoundly for his labour; upon one of the Sheriffes Cuſtards hee is not ſo greedy, nor ſo ſharpe ſet, as at ſuch a ſtew-pot. The City is (by the cuſtome) to feed him with good meat, as they ſend dead horſes to their hounds, onely too keepe them both in good heart, for not onely thoſe *Curs* at the *Dog-houſe*, but theſe within the walls, are to ſerve in their places, in their ſeverall huntings. He is a Citizens birdlime, and where he holds, he hangs.

His Yeoman.

IS the *Hanger* that a *Sergeant* weares by his ſide, it is a falſe Die of the ſame

Bale,

Bale, but not the ſame *Cut*, for it runnes ſome-what *higher*, and does more miſchiefe. It is a *Tumbler* to drive in the *Conies*. He is yet but a *bungler*, and knowes not how to cut up a man without *tearing*, but by a pattern. One *Terme* fleſhes him, or a *Fleet-ſtreet breake faſt*. The *Devill* is but his father in *law*, and yet for the love hee beares him, will leave him as much as if he were his owne child. And for that cauſe (in ſtead of prayers) he does every morning at the *Counter-gate* aske him *bleſsing*, and thrives the better in his *actions* all the day after. This is the hook that hangs under water to choake the *fiſh*, and his Sergeant is the *quill* above water, which pops downe ſo ſoone as ever the *bait* is ſwallowed. It is indeed an *Otter*, and the more terrible deſtroyer of the two. This *Counter-Rat* hath a taile as long as his fellowes, but his teeth are more ſharp, and he more hungry, becauſe he does but ſnap, and hath not his full *halfe ſhare* of the booty. The eye of this Wolfe is as quicke in his head, as a *Cut-*

purſes in a throng, and as nimble is hee at his buſineſſe, as an *Hang-man* at an *execution*. His *Office* is as the dogs to worrie the ſheepe firſt, or drive him to the ſhambles; the Butcher that cuts his throat, ſteps out afterwards, and that's his *Sargeant*. His living lies within the City, but his *conſcience* lies *bedrid* in one of the holes of a *Counter*. This Eele is bred too, out of the mud of a Bankerupt, and dies commonly with his guts ript up, or elſe a ſudden ſtab ſends him of his laſt errand. Hee will very greedily take a cut with a ſword, and ſucke more ſilver out of the wound than his *Surgeon* ſhall. His beginning is deteſtable, his courſes deſperate, and his end damnable.

A Common cruell Iaylor.

IS a creature miſtaken in the making, for hee ſhould bee a Tyger, but the ſhape

ſhape being thought too terrible, it is covered; and hee weares the vizor of a man, yet retaines the qualities of his former fierceneſſe, curriſhneſſe, and ravening. Of that red earth, of which man was faſhioned, this peece was the baſeſt; of the rubbiſh which was left, and throwne by, came this Jaylor, his deſcent is then more ancient, but more ignoble, for hee comes of the race of thoſe angels that fell with *Lucifer* from heaven, whither he never (or very hardly) returnes. Of all his bunches of keyes, not one hath wards to open that doore; For this Jaylors ſoule ſtands not upon thoſe two Pillars that ſupport heaven, (*Iuſtice* and *Mercy:*) it rather ſits upon thoſe two foot-ſtooles of hell, *Wrong* and *Cruelty*. Hee is a Judges ſlave, and a priſoner's his. In this they differ, he is a voluntary one, the other compeld. Hee is the *Hang-man* of the Law (with a lame hand) and if the Law gave him all his limbs perfect, he would ſtrike thoſe, on whom he is glad to fawne. In fighting

againſt a Debtor, hee is a Creditors ſe-cond; but obſerves not the lawes of the *Duello*, for his play is foule, and on all baſe advantages. His conſcience and his ſhackles hang up together, and are made very neere of the ſame mettle, ſaving that the one is harder than the other, and hath one property above Iron, for that never melts. He diſtils money out of poore mens teares, and growes fat by their curſes. No man comming to the practicall part of hell, can diſcharge it better, becauſe here he do's nothing but ſtudy the Theoricke of it. His houſe is the picture of hell in little, and the originall of the letters Patents of his office, ſtands exemplified there. A Chamber of lowſie beds, is better worth to him than the beſt Acre of corne-land in England. Two things are hard to him (nay almoſt impoſſible) viz: To ſave all his priſoners that none ever eſcape, and to be ſaved himſelfe. His eares are ſtopt to the cries of others, and Gods to his: and good reaſon, for lay the life of a man in one

one Scale, and his fees on the other, hee will loſe the firſt, to find the ſecond. He muſt looke for no mercy (if hee deſires Juſtice to be done to him) for he ſhewes none, and I thinke he cares the leſſe, becauſe he knowes heaven hath no need of ſuch Tenants, the doores there want no Porters, for they ſtand ever open. If it were poſſible for all creatures in the world to ſleepe every night, he onely and a Tyrant cannot. That bleſſing is taken from them, and this curſe comes in the ſtead, to be ever in feare, and ever hated: what eſtate can be worſe?

What a Character is.

IF I muſt ſpeake the Schoole-maſters language, I will confeſſe that Character comes of this Infinitive moode χαραττω which ſignifies to ingrave, or make a deepe Impreſſion. And for that

cauſe, a letter (as A.B.) is called a Character.

Thoſe Elements which wee learne firſt, leaving a ſtrong ſeale in our memories.

Character is alſo taken for an Ægyptian Hieroglyphicke, for an impreſe, or ſhort Embleme; in little comprehending much.

To ſquare out a Character by our Engliſh levell, it is a picture (reall or perſonall) quaintly drawne, in various colours, all of them heightned by one ſhadowing.

It is a quicke and ſoft touch of many ſtrings, all ſhutting up in one muſicall cloze: it is wits deſcant on any plaine ſong.

The Character of a happy life.

By SIR H. W.

How happy is he borne or taught,
That serveth not anothers will;
Whose Armour is his honest thought,
And silly Truth *his highest skill!*

Whose passions not his Masters are,
Whose soule is still prepar'd for death:
Vnty'd unto the world with care
Of Princely love, or vulgar breath.

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat:
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruine make accusers great.

Who

Who envieth none whom chance doth raiſe,
Or vice: who never underſtood,
How deepeſt wounds are given with praiſe;
Not rules of ſtate, but rules of good:

Who GOD doth late and early pray,
More of his grace, than gifts to lend;
Who entertaines the harmleſſe day,
With a well choſen Booke or Friend.

This man is free from ſervile bands,
Of hope to riſe, or feare to fall;
Lord of himſelfe, though not of Lands,
And having nothing, he hath All.

An Eſ-

An Eſſay of Valour.

I Am of opinion, that nothing is ſo potent either to procure, or merit Love, as Valour; and I am glad I am ſo, for thereby I ſhall doe my ſelfe much eaſe. Becauſe valour never needs much wit to maintaine it. To ſpeake of it in it ſelfe, It is a quality which he that hath, ſhall have leaſt need of: ſo the beſt league betweene Princes, is a mutuall feare of each other. It teacheth a man to value his reputation as his life, and chiefely to hold the lye inſufferable, though being alone hee finds no hurt it doth him. It leaves it ſelfe to others cenſures. For he that brags of his owne, diſſwades others from beleeving it. It feareth a ſword no more than an Ague. It alwaies makes good the owner: for though hee be generally held a foole, hee ſhall ſeldome heare ſo much by word of mouth; and that inlargeth him more than

than any ſpectacles, for it makes a little fellow to be called a *Tall man*. It yeelds the wall to none but a woman, whoſe weakneſſe is her prerogatives; or a man ſeconded with a woman, as an Uſher which alwayes goes before his betters. It makes a man becomethe witneſſe of his owne words, to ſtand to what-ever hee hath ſaid, and thinketh it a reproach to commit his reviling unto the Law. It furniſheth youth with action, and age with diſcourſe, and both by futures; for a man muſt never boaſt himſelfe in the preſent tenſe. And to come neerer home, nothing drawes a woman like to it, for valor towards men, is an Embleme of an abilitie towards women, a good qualitie ſignifies a better. Nothing is more behovefull for that ſex, for from it they receive protection, and wee free from the danger of it: Nothing makes a ſhorter cut to obtaining; for a man of armes is alwayes void of ceremonie, which is the wall that ſtands betwixt *Pyramus* and *Thisby*, that is, man and woman, for there

there is no pride in women, but that which rebounds from our owne baſeneſſe (as cowards grow valiant upon thoſe that are more cowards) ſo that only by our pale asking, wee teach them to deny. And by our ſhamefaſtneſſe, we put them in mind to be modeſt: whereas indeed it is cunning Rhetoricke, to perſwade the hearers, that they are that already, which wee would have them to bee. This kinde of baſhfulneſſe is farre from men of valor, and eſpecially from ſouldiers, for ſuch are ever men (without doubt) forward, and confident, loſing no time, leſt they ſhould loſe opportunity, which is the beſt Factor for a Lover. And becauſe they know women are given to diſſemble; they will never beleeve them when they deny. Whilome before this age of wit, and wearing black broke in upon us, there was no way knowne to win a Lady, but by Tilting, Tournying, and Riding thorow Forreſts, in which time theſe ſlender ſtriplings with little legs, were held but of ſtrength

ſtrength enough to marry their widowes. And even in our daies there can be given no reaſon of the inundation of Servingmen upon their Miſtreſſes, but onely that uſually they carry their Miſtreſſes weapons, and his valour. To be counted handſome, juſt, learned, or welfavoured; all this carries no danger with it, but it is to be admitted to the title of valiant Acts, at leaſt the venturing of his mortality, and all women take delight to hold him ſafe in their armes, who hath eſcaped thither through many dangers. To ſpeake at once, man hath a privilege in valour; In clothes and good faces we but imitate women; and many of that ſex will not thinke much (as farre as an anſwer goes) to diſſemble wit too. So then theſe neat youthes, theſe women in mens apparell, are too neere a woman to be beloved of her, they bee both of a Trade, but he of grim aſpect, and ſuch a one a glaſſe dares take, and ſhe will deſire him for newneſſe and variety. A ſcar in a mans face is the ſame that a mole in

a

a womans; and a mole in a womans, is a Jewell ſet in white to make it ſeeme more white; For a ſcar in a man is a marke of honour, and no blemiſh; for 'tis a ſcarre and a blemiſh in a Souldier to be without one. Now as for all things elſe, which are to procure Love, as a good face, wit, clothes, or a good body; each of them I confeſſe may worke ſomewhat for want of a better, that is, if valour be not their Rivall. A good face availes nothing, if it be in a coward that is baſhfull, the utmoſt of it is to be kiſt, which rather encreaſeth than quencheth Appetite He that ſends her gifts, ſends her word alſo, that hee is a man of ſmall gifts otherwiſe: for wooing by ſignes and tokens, imployes the author dumbe. And if *Ovid* who writ the Law of Love were alive (as hee is extant) would allow it as good a diverſity, that gifts ſhould be ſent as gratuities, not as bribes. Wit getteth rather promiſe than Love. Wit is not to bee ſeene: and no woman takes advice of any in her loving; but

but of her owne eyes and her wayting womans: Nay which is worſe, wit is not to be felt, and ſo no good Bed-fellow. Wit applied to a woman, makes her diſſolve her ſympering, and diſcover her teeth with laughter, and this is ſurely a purge for love; for the beginning of love is a kind of fooliſh melancholy. As for the man that makes his Taylor his Bawd, and hopes to inveagle his love with ſuch a coloured ſuit; ſurely the ſame deeply hazzards the loſſe of her favour, upon every change of his clothes. So likewiſe for the other that courts her ſilently with a good body, let me certify him, that his clothes depend upon the comlineſſe of his bodie, and ſo both upon opinion. Shee that hath beene ſeduced by apparell, let mee give her to wit, that men alwayes put off their clothes before they goe to bed. And let her that hath beene enamoured of her ſervants body, underſtand, that if ſhee ſaw him in a skinne of cloth, that is, in a Suit made of the patterne of his body, ſhe would ſee ſlender

cauſe

cause to love him ever after. There is no clothes sit so well in a womans eye, as a Suit of steele, though not of the fashion, and no man so soon surpriseth a womans affections, as he that is the subject of all whispering, and hath alwaies twenty stories of his own deeds depending upon him. Mistake me not, I understand not by valour, one that never fights, but when he is backed with drink or anger, or hissed on with beholders, nor one that is desperate, nor one that takes away a Servingmans weapons, when perchance it cost him his Quarters wages, nor yet one that weares a privy coat of defence, and therin is confident, for then such as made Bucklers would be counted the Catalines of the Commonwealth. I intend one of an even resolution grounded upon reason: which is alwaies even, having his power restrained by the law of not doing wrõg. But now I remember I am for valour, and therefore must bee a man of few words.

Certaine Edicts from a Parliament in *Butopia*; Written by the Lady *Southwell*.

IN *primis*, He that hath no other worth to commend him, than a good Suit of apparell, shall not dare to woo a Lady in his owne behalfe, but shall be allowed to carry the Hieroglyphike of his friends affection.

Item, that no foule-fac'd Lady shall raile on her that is fairer, because shee is fairer; nor seeke by black calumniation to darken her fame, unlesse shee be her corrivall.

Item, that no man may entitle himselfe by the matchlesse name of a friend, that loves upon condition, unlesse hee bee a Schoole-master.

Item, that no Lady, which modestly keepes

keepes her house for want of good clothes to visit her Gossips, shall professe contempt of the worlds vanity, unlesse she see no hope of the tides returning.

Item, that no Bankrupt Knight, that to set up shop againe, becomes parasite or Buffone to some great Lord, shall ever after sweare by his honour, but by his Knighthood he may.

Item, that no Lady that useth to paint, shall find fault with her Painter that hath not counterfeited her picture faire enough, unlesse she will acknowledge her selfe to be the better counterfeiter.

Item, that no man, whose vaine love hath beene rejected by a vertuous Lady, shall report that hee hath refused and cast her off, unlesse hee will take the base lying fellow by the next assailant, so rejected, without any further quarrell.

Item, that no Lady shall court her looking glasse, past one houre in a day, unlesse she professe to be an Inginer.

Item, that no Quarter waiter shall feed on cheese three quarters of a yeare

to feast on fatten one quarter, without *Galens* advice, and the Apothecaries bill to be written by a Taylor.

Item, that wench that is over enamoured of her selfe, and thinks all other so too, shall be bound to carry a burthen of Birdlime on her back, and spinne at a Barne-doore to catch fooles.

Item, he that sweareth when hee loseth his money at dice, shall challenge his damnation by the way of purchase.

Item, no Lady that silently simpereth for want of wit, shall be call'd modest.

Item, no fellow that begins to argue with a woman, and wants wit to encounter her, shall thinke hee hath redeem'd his credit by putting her to silence with some lascivious discourse, unlesse hee weare white for *William*, and greene for *Summer*.

Item, no woman that remaineth constant for want of assault, shall bee called chaste.

Item,

Item, he that profeſſeth vertuous love to a woman, and gives ground when his vanity is rejected, ſhall have his bels cut off, and flie for a Haggard.

Item, ſhe that reſpecteth the good opinion of others, before the Being of good in her ſelfe, ſhall not refuſe the name of an Hypocrite, and ſhe that employes all her time in working trappings for her ſelfe, the name of a Spider: and ſhee that ſets the firſt queſt of enquiry amongſt her Goſſips for new faſhions, ſhall not refuſe a ſtitcher for her ſecond husband.

Item, hee that hath reported a Lady to be vertuous, for the which he profeſſeth to love her, yet under hand commenceth a baſe ſuit, and is diſdained; ſhall not on this blow which his owne vice hath given him, out of policie raile ſuddenly on her, for feare hee be noted for a vicious foole: but to his friend in private hee may ſay, that his judgement was blinded by her cunning diſguiſe, and that hee finds her wavering in good-

neſſe, and in time hi ſhall openly profeſſe to raile on her; but with ſuch a modeſty forſooth, as if hee were loth to bring his judgement into queſtion; nor would he doe it, but that he preferres truth even out of his owne reach.

NEWES
From any whence.

OR,

Old truth, under a ſuppoſall of Noveltie.

Occaſioned by divers Eſſaies, and private paſſages of Wit, betweene ſundry Gentlemen upon that ſubject.

Newes from Court.

IT is thought heere that there are as great miſeries beyond happineſſe, as 2 this ſide it, as *being in love*. That truth is every mans by aſſenting. That time makes every thing aged, and yet it ſelfe was never but

minute old. That, next sleep, the greatest devourer of time is businesse: the greatest stretcher of it, *Passion*: the truest measure of it, *Contemplation*. To be saved, alwayes is the best plot: and vertue alwayes cleares her way as she goes. *Vice* is ever behind-hand with it selfe. That *Wit* and a *woman* are two fraile things, and both the frailer by concurring. That the meanes of begetting a man, hath more increast mankind than the end. That the madnesse of Love is to be sicke of one part, and cured by another. The madnesse of Jealousie, that it is so diligent, and yet it hopes to lose his labour. That all women for the bodily part, are but the same meaning put in divers words. That the difference in the sense is their understanding. That the wisdome of *Action* is *Discretion*; the knowledge of *Contemplation* is truth: the knowledge of *Action* is men. That the first considers what should be, the latter makes use of what is. That every man is weake in his owne humours. That every man a little beyond himselfe, is a foole.

foole.
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Truth

foole. That affectation is the more ridiculous part of folly than ignorance. That the matter of greatneſſe is compariſon. That God made one world of *Subſtance*; Man hath made another of *Art* and *Opinion*. That Money is nothing but a thing which *Art* hath turned up *Trumpe*. That cuſtome is the ſoule of circumſtances. That cuſtome hath ſo far prevailed, that *Truth* is now the greateſt newes.

Sir *T. Over*.

Anſwer to the Court Newes.

THat *Happineſſe* and *Miſerie* are *Antipodes*. That *Goodneſſe* is not *Felicitie*, but the rode thither. That Mans ſtrength is but a viciſſitude of falling and riſing. That onely to refraine ill,

ill, is to be ill ſtill. That the plot of Salvation was laid before the plot of *Paradiſe*. That enjoying is the preparative to contemning. That hee that ſeekes opinion beyond merit, goes juſt as farre back. That no man can obtaine his deſires, nor in the world hath not to his meaſure. That to ſtudy, men are more profitable than bookes. That mens loves are their afflictions. That Titles of Honour, are rattles to ſtill ambition. That to bee a King, is *Fames Butte*, and *Feares Quiver*. That the ſoules of Women and Lovers, are wrapt in the port-manque of their ſenſes. That imagination is the end of man. That wit is the webbe, and Wiſdome the woofe of the cloth; ſo that womens ſoules were never made up. That envie knowes what it will not confeſſe. That *Goodneſſe* is like the art *Proſpective:* one point Center, begetting infinite rayes. That Man, Woman, and the Devill, are the three degrees of compariſon. That this Newes holds number, but not weight,

weight, by which couple all things receive forme.

Country Newes.

THat there is moſt heere, for it gathers in going. That reputation is meaſured by the Acre. That Poverty is the greateſt diſhoneſty. That the pitty of *Alaſſe poore ſoule*, is for the moſt part miſtaken. That roſt Beefe is the beſt ſmell. That a Juſtice of Peace is the beſt relique of Idolatry. That the Allegory of Juſtice drawne blind, is turned the wrong way. That not to live too heavenly is accounted great wrong. That wiſdome deſcends in a race. That wee love names better than perſons. That to hold in Knights ſervice, is a ſlippery ſervice. That a Papiſt is a new word for a Traitor. That the duty of Religion is lent, not pay'd. That the reward is loſt in the want of humility. That the puritane

tane perſecution is as a cloud that can hide the glory of the light, but not the day. That the emulation of the *Engliſh* and *Scots* to be the *Kings* Countrymen, thruſt the honour on the *Welſh*. That a Courtier never attaines his ſelfe-knowledge, but by report. That his beſt Embleme is a Hearne-dog. That many great men are ſo proud, that they know not their owne Fathers. That love is the taile worme. That a woman is the effect of her owne firſt fame. That to remember, to know, and to underſtand, are three degrees not underſtood. That Country ambition is no vice, for there is nothing above a man. That fighting is a Servingmans valour: Martyrdome their Maſters. That to live long, is to fill up the dayes we live. That the zeale of ſome mens Religion reflect from their Friends. That the pleaſure of vice is indulgence of the preſent, for it endures but the acting. That the proper reward of goodneſſe is from within, the externall is policie. That good and ill

is

is the croſſe and pile in the ayme of life. That the Soule is the Lamp of the body, Reaſon of the Soule, Religion of Reaſon, Faith of Religion, Chriſt of Faith. That circumſtances are the Atomies of Policie, Cenſure the being, Action the life, but ſucceſſe the Ornament. That Authority preſſeth downe with weight, and is thought violence: Policie trips up the heeles, and is called the dexterity. That this life is a thrōg in a narrow paſſage, he that is firſt out, finds eaſe, hee in the middle worſt hemm'd in with troubles, the hindmoſt that drives both out afore him, though not ſuffering wrong, hath his part in doing it. That God requires of our debts, a reckoning, not payment. That heaven is the eaſieſt purchaſe, for wee are the richer for the diſburſing. That liberality ſhould have no object but the poore, if our minds were rich. That the myſtery of greatneſſe is to keepe the inferiour ignorant of it. That all this is no Newes to a better

sen wit. *That the City cares not what the Country thinkes.*

Sir T. R.

Newes from the verie Countrie.

THat it is a Frippery of Courtiers, Merchants, and others, which have beene in fashion, and are very neere worn out. That Justices of Peace have the selling of under-woods, but the Lords have the great fals. The Jesuits are like Apricockes, heretofore, heere and there one suceour'd in a great mans house, and cost deare; now you may have them for nothing in every cottage. That every great Vice is a Pike in a Pond, that devours vertues and lesse vices. That it is wholsomest getting a stomack by walking on your owne ground: and the thriftiest laying of it at anothers Table. That debtors are in *London* close prisoners, and heere have the liberty of the house.

houſe. That *Atheiſts* in affliction, like blind beggers, are forced to aske, though they know not of whom. That there are (God be thanked) not two ſuch Acres in all the Countrey, as the *Exchange* and *Weſtminſter Hall*. That only Chriſtmaſſe Lords know their ends. That Women are not ſo tender fruit, but that they doe as well, and beare as well upon beds, as plaſhed againſt walls. That our carts are never worſe imployed, than when they are waighted on by Coaches. That Sentences in Authors, like haires in horſe tailes, concurre in one rout of beauty and ſtrength; but being pluckt out one by one, ſerve only for ſprindges and ſnares. That both want and abundance, equally advance a rectified man from the world as cotton and ſtones are both good caſting for an Hawke. That I am ſure there is none of the forbidden fruit left, becauſe we doe not all eat thereof. That our beſt three-pilde miſchiefe comes from beyond the ſea, and rides poſt through the Countrey, but his errand

rand is to Court. That next to no wife and children, your owne are the beſt paſtime, anothers wife and your children worſe, your wife and anothers children worſt. That States-men hunt their fortunes, and are often at default. Favorites courſe her, and are ever in view. That intemperance is not ſo unwholſome here; for none ever ſaw Sparrow ſicke of the pox. That here is no trechery nor fidelity, but it is becauſe here are no ſecrets. That Court-motions are up and downe, ours circular, theirs like ſquibs cannot ſtay at the higheſt, nor returne to the place which they roſe from, but vaniſh and weare out in the way: Ours like Mil-wheeles, buſie without changing place; they have peremptory fortunes, we viciſſitudes.

I. D.

Anſwer

Anſwer to the very Countrey Newes.

IT is a thought, that man is the Cooke of time, and made dreſſer of his owne fatting. That the five Senſes are Cinque-ports for temptation, the traffique ſinne, the Lievtenant *Satan*, the cuſtome-tribute, Soules. That the Citizens of the high Court, grow rich by ſimplicity; but thoſe of *London*, by ſimple craft. That life, death, and time, doe with ſhort cudgels dance the Matachine. That thoſe which dwell under the *Zona Torrida*, are troubled with more damps, than thoſe of *Frigida*. That *Policie* and *Superſtition* hath of late her maſque rent from her face, and ſhee is found with a wrie mouth and a ſtinking breath, and thoſe that courted her hotly, hate her now in the ſame degree or beyond. That Nature too much loving her own, becomes unnaturall and fooliſh. That the ſoule in

ſome is like an egge, hatched by a young Pullet, who often rigging from her neſt, makes hot and cold beget rottenneſſe, which her wanton youth will not beleeve, till the faire ſhell being broken, the ſtinke appeareth to profit others, but cannot her. That thoſe are the wiſe ones, that hold the ſuperficies of vertue, to ſupport her contrary, all-ſufficient. That clemency within and without is the nurſe of rebellion. That thought of the future is retired into the Country, and time preſent dwels at Court. That I living neere the Church-yard, where many are buried of the Peſt, yet my infection commeth from *Spaine*, and it is feared it will diſperſe further into the Kingdome.

A. S.

Newes to the Universitie.

A Meere Scholler is but a live book. Actions doe expresse knowledge better than words; so much of the soule is lost as the body cannot utter. To teach, should rather be an effect, than the purpose of learning. Age decayes nature, perfects Art: therefore the glory of youth, is strength; of the gray head, wisdome; yet most condemne the follies of their owne infancie, runne after those of the worlds, and in reverence of antiquity will beare an old error against a new truth. *Logicke* is the *Herauldrie* of Arts, and array of Iudgement, none it selfe, nor any Science without it: where it and learning meete not, must be either a skilfull ignorance, or a wilde knowledge. Understanding cannot conclude out of moode and figure. Discretion containes *Rhetoricke*; the next way to

learne good words, is to learne ſenſe; the neweſt *Philoſophie* is ſoundeſt, the eldeſt *Divinitie*: *Aſtronomie* begins in Nature, ends in Magick. There is no honeſty of the body without health, which no man hath had ſince *Adam*. *Intemperance* that was the firſt mother of ſickneſſe, is now the daughter. Nothing dies but qualities. No kind in the world can periſh without ruine of the whole. All parts helpe one another (like States) for particular intereſt: So in Arts which are but tranſlations of nature, there is no ſound poſition in any one, which, imagine falſe, there may not from it bee drawne ſtrong concluſions, to diſprove all the reſt. Where one truth is granted, it may bee by direct meanes brought to confirme any other controverted. The ſoule and body of the firſt man, were made fit to bee immortall together: we cannot live to the one, but wee muſt die to the other. A man and a Chriſtian are two Creatures. Our perfection in this World is vertue; in the next, knowledge;

ledge; when we ſhall read the glory of God in his owne face.

Newes from Sea.

THat the beſt pleaſure is to have no object of pleaſure, and uniformity is a better proſpect than variety. That putting to Sea is change of life, but not of condition; where riſings and fals, calmes, and croſſe gales are yours, in order and turne; fore winds but by chance. That it is the worſt wind, to have no wind, and that your ſmooth-fac'd Courtier, deading your courſe by a calme, gives greater impediment, than an open enemies croſſe-gale. That levity is a vertue: for many are held up by it. That it's nothing ſo intricate and infinite to rigge a ſhip, as a woman, and the more either is fraught, the apter to leake. That to pumpe the one, and ſhreeve the other, is

alike noyſom. That ſmall faults habituated, are as dangerous as little leakes unfound; and that to puniſh and not prevent, is to labour in the pumpe, and leave the leake open. That it is beſt ſtriking Saile before a ſtorme, and neceſſarieſt in it. That a little time in our life is beſt, as the ſhorteſt cut to our Haven is the happieſt voyage. That to him that hath no Haven, no wind is friendly; and yet it is better to have no Haven, than ſome kind of one. That expedition is every where to bee bribed but at Sea. That gaine workes this miracle, to make men walke upon the water; and that the ſound of commodity drowns the noiſe of a ſtorme, eſpecially of an abſent one. That I have once in my life out-gone night at Sea, but never darkneſſe; and that I ſhall never wonder to ſee a hard world, becauſe I have lived to ſee the Sunne a bankrupt, being ready to ſtarve for cold in his perpetuall preſence. That a mans companions are (like ſhips) to bee kept in diſtance, or falling foule one of another;

only

onely with my friend I will cloze. That faireſt field for a running head is the Sea, where he may run himſelfe out of breath, and his humour out of him. That I could carry you much further, and yet leave more before than behind, and all will be but *via Navis*, without print or tracke, for ſo is morall inſtruction to youths watriſh humour. That though a Ship under ſaile be a good ſight, yet it is better to ſee her moor'd in the Haven. That I care not what become of this fraile Barke of my fleſh, ſo I ſave the paſſenger. And here I caſt Anchor.

W. S.

Forraine Newes of the yeare 1622.

From France.

IT is delivered from *France*, that the choyce of friends there, is as of their Wines: those that beeing new, are hard and harsh, prove best: the most pleasing are least lasting. That an enemy fierce at the first onset, is as a torrent tumbling downe a mountaine; a while it beares all before it: have but that whiles patience, you may passe it drie-foot. That a penetrating judgement may enter into a mans mind by his bodies gate: if this appeare affected, apish and unstable: a wonder if that be settled.

That vaine glory, new fashions, and the *French* disease, are upon termes of quitting

quitting their Countries Allegeance, to be made free Denisons of *England*. That the wounds of an ancient enmity have their scarres, which cannot be so well cloz'd to the sight, but they will lye open to the memory. That a Princes pleasurable vices, ushered by authority, and waited on by connivence, sooner punish themselves by the subjects imitation, then they can bee reformed by remonstrance or correction: so apt are all ill examples to rebound on them that give them. That Kings heare truth oftner for the tellers, than their owne advantage.

From Spaine.

THat the shortest cut to the riches of the *Indies*, is by their contempt. That who is feared of most, feares most. That it more vexeth the proud, that men dispise them, than that they not feare

feare them. That greatneſſe is fruitfull enough, when other helps faile, to beget on it ſelfe deſtruction. That it is a groſſe flatring of tired cruelty, to honeſt it with the tittle of clemency. That to eat much at other mens coſt, and little at his owne, is the wholeſomeſt and moſt nouriſhing diet, both in Court and Country. That thoſe are apteſt to domineere over others, who by ſuffering indignities, have learned to offer them. That ambition like a ſilly Dove flies up to fall downe, it minds not whence it came, but whither it will. That even Galley-ſlaves, ſetting light by their captivity, find freedome in bondage. That to be ſlow in military buſineſſe, is to be ſo courteous, as to give the way to an enemy. That lightning and greatneſſe, more feare than hurt.

From

From Rome.

THat the Venereall (called Veniall) ſin, is to paſſe in the rank of Cardnal vertues; and that thoſe ſhould bee held henceforth his Holineſſe beneficiall friends, that ſinne upon hope of pardon. That where vice is a State-commodity, he is an offender that often offends not. That Jewes and Curtezans there, are as beaſts that men feed, to feed on. That for an Engliſhman to abide at *Rome*, is not ſo dangerous as report makes it; ſince it skilles not where we live, ſo we take heed how we live. That greatneſſe comes not down by the way it went up, there being often found a ſmall diſtance between the higheſt and the loweſt fortunes. That rackt authority is oft leſſe at home than abroad regarded, while things that ſeeme, are (commonly) more a farre off than at hand feared.

From

From Venice.

THat the moſt profitable Banke, is the true uſe of a mans ſelfe, whiles ſuch as grow mouldy in idleneſſe, make their houſes their Tombs, and die before their death. That many dangerous ſpirits lie buried in their wants, which had they meanes to their minds, would dare as much as thoſe that with their better Fortunes over-top them. That profeſſed Curtezans, if they be any way good, it is becauſe they are openly bad. That frugality is the richeſt treaſure of an eſtate, where men feed for hunger, cloath for cold and modeſty, and ſpend for Honour, Charity, and Safety.

From Germanie.

THat the infectious vice of Drunken-good-fellowſhip, is like to ſtick by that Nation as long as the multitude of offenders ſo benums the ſenſe of offending, as that a common blot is held no ſtaine. That diſcretions muſt be taken by weight, not by tale: who doth otherwiſe, ſhall both prove his own too light, and fall ſhort of his reckoning. That feare and a nice fore-caſt of every ſlight danger, ſeldome gives either faithfull or fruitfull counſell. That the Empire of *Germanie*, is not more great than that over a mans ſelfe.

From

From the Low-Countries.

THat one of the ſureſt grounds of a mans liberty is, not to give another power over it. That the moſt dangerous plunge whereto to put thine enemy, is deſperation, while forcing him to ſet light by his owne life, thou makeſt him maſter of thine. That neglected danger lights ſooneſt and heavieſt. That they are wiſeſt, who in the likelihood of good, provide for ill. That ſince pity dwels at the next doore to miſery, he liveth moſt at eaſe, that is neighboured with envie. That the evill fortune of the warres, as well as the good, is variable.

Newes

Newes from my Lodging.

THat the beſt proſpect is to looke inward. That it is, quieter ſleeping in a good conſcience, than a whole skin. That a ſoule in a fat body lies ſoft, and is loth to riſe. That he muſt riſe betimes who would coozen the Devil. That *Flattery* is increaſed from a pillow under the elbow, to a bed under the whole body. That *Policie* is the unſleeping night of reaſon. That he who ſleepes in the cradle of ſecurity, ſinnes ſoundly without ſtarting. That guilt is the Flea of the conſcience. That no man is throughly awaked, but by affliction. That a hang'd Chamber in private, is nothing ſo convenient as a hang'd Traitour in publike. That the religion of *Papiſtry*, is like a curtaine, made to keepe out the light. That the life of moſt Women is walking in their ſleep, and they talke their dreames.

dreames. That Chambring is counted a civiller quality, than playing at Tables in the Hall, though Serving-men use both. That the best bedfellow for all times in the yeare, is a good bed without a fellow. That he who tumbles in a calme bed, hath his tempest within. That he who will rise, must first lye downe and take humility in his way. That sleep is deaths picture drawne to life, or the twylight of life and death. That in sleep we kindly shake death by the hand; but when we are awaked, we will not know him. That often sleepings are so many trials to dye, that at last we may doe it perfectly. That few dare write the true newes of their Chamber: and that I have none secret enough to tempt a strangers curiosity, or a servants discovery.

God give you good morrow.

B.R.

Newes

Newes of my morning Worke.

THat to bee good, the way is to bee moſt alone, or the beſt accompanied. That the way to heaven is miſtaken for the moſt Melancholy walke. That the moſt feare the worlds opinion, more then Gods diſpleaſure. That a Court-friend ſeldome goes further then the firſt degree of Charitie. That the Devill is the perfecteſt Courtier. That innocencie was firſt Couſin to man, now guiltineſſe hath the neereſt alliance. That ſleepe is Deaths Leiger-Ambaſſadour. That time can never bee ſpent: we paſſe by it, and cannot returne. That none can bee ſure of more time then an inſtant. That ſinne makes worke for repentance, or the Devill. That patience hath more power than afflictions. That every ones memory is divided into two parts: the part loſing all, is the

Sea, the keeping part is Land. That honesty in the Court lives in persecution, like Protestants in Spain. That predestination and constancy are alike uncertaine to be judged of. That reason makes love the Serving-man. That vertues favour is better than a Kings favourite. That being sick, begins a suit to God; being well, possesseth it. That health is the Coach which carries to Heaven, sickneſſe the post-horſe. That worldly delights to one in extreme sickneſſe, is like a high candle to a blind man. That absence doth sharpen love, presence strengthens it, that the one brings fuell, the other blowes it till it burnes cleare: that love often breakes friendship, that ever increaseth love. That constancy of women, and love in men, is alike rare. That Art is truths Juggler. That falſehood playes a larger part in the world than truth. That blind zeale, and lame knowledge, are alike apt to ill. That fortune is humbleſt where moſt contemned. That no Porter but reſolution

keepes

keepes feare out of minds. That the face of goodneſſe without a body, is the worſt wickedneſſe. That womans fortunes aſpire but by others powers. That a man with a female wit, is the worſt *Hermaphrodite*. That a man not worthy being a friend, wrongs himſelfe by being in acquaintance. That the worſt part of ignorance, is making good and ill ſeeme alike. That all this is newes onely to fooles.

Miſt. B.

Newes from the lower end of the Table.

IT is ſaid among the folk here, that if a man die in his infancy, hee hath onely broke his faſt in this world; if in his youth, hee hath left us at dinner. That it is bed-time with a man at threeſcore and ten: and hee that lives to a

hundred yeeres, hath walked a mile after ſupper. That the humble-minded man makes the loweſt curteſie. That grace before meat, is our election, before we were: grace after meat our ſalvation when we are gone. The ſoule that halts betweene two opinions, falls betweene two ſtooles. That a foole at the upper end of the table, is the bread before the ſalt. Hee that hates to bee reproved, ſits in his owne light. Hunger is the cheapeſt ſawce, and nature the cheapeſt gueſt. The ſenſible man and the ſilent woman, are the beſt diſcourſers. Repentance without amendment, is but the ſhifting of a foule trencher. Hee that tels a lie to ſave his credit, wipes his mouth with his ſleeve to ſpare his napkin. The tongue of a Jeſter is the Fiddle that the hearts of the company dance to. The tongue of a foole carves a piece of his heart to every man that ſits next him. A ſilent man is a covered meſſe. The contented man onely is his owne carver. Hee

that

that hath many friends, eats too much ſalt with his meat. That wit without diſcretion, cuts other men meat and his owne fingers. That the ſoule of a cholericke man ſits ever by the fire-ſide. That patience is the lard of the leane meat of adverſitie. The Epicure puts his money into his belly, and the Miſer his belly in his purſe. That the beſt company makes the upper end of the table, and not the ſalt-celler. The ſuperfluitie of a mans poſſeſſions, is the broken meat that ſhould remaine to the poore. That the cruious keepes his knife in his hand, and ſwallowes his meat whole. A rich foole amongſt the wiſe, is a gilt empty bowle amongſt the the thirſtie. Ignorance is an inſenſible hunger. The water of life is the beſt wine. Hee that robs mee of my invention, bids himſelfe welcome to another mans table, and I will bid him welcome when hee is gone. The vaine glorious man piſſeth more then he drinkes? That no man can drinke an health out of the

cup of blessing. To surfet upon wit, is more dangerous than to want it. Hee that's overcome of any passion, is dry drunk. Tis easier to fill the belly of faith than the eye of reason. The rich glutton is better fed than taught. That faith is the elbow for a heavy soule to leane on. He that sinnes that he may repent, surfets that he may take phyſick. He that rises without thanksgiving, goes away and owes for his ordinary. He that begins to repent when he is old, never washed his hands till night. That this life is but one day of three meales, or one meale of three courses: child-hood, youth, and old age. That to sup well, is to live well: and that's the way to sleepe well. That no man goes to bed till he dies, nor wakes till he be dead. And therefore,

Good night to you here,
and good morrow hereafter.

I. C.

Newes from the Church.

IT was thought heere, that the world was made for man, and not man for the world, and that therefore they take a croſſe courſe that lye downe there. That thoſe that will not riſe, their ſoules muſt, and carry their bodies to judgement. That wee have ſpent one inheritance already, and are prodigall of this. That there is no hope beyond mercy, and that this is that time; the next is of Juſtice. That Chriſt when hee went away, left good ſeed in his Church; and when he comes againe, hee ſhall finde Chriſtians, but not faith. That the Devill hath got, upon us, the ſame way that he did at the firſt, by drawing ſhadowes over ſubſtances, as he did the body over the ſoule. That *Proteſtants* weare the name of Chriſt for a Charme, as *Papiſts* doe the Croſſe. That States uſe it, the Clergie live by

it, the people follow it, more by a ſtreame, then one by one. That all are religious rather then ſome. That every one lookes to another, but not to himſelfe. That they goe ſo by throngs to Heaven, that it is to bee feared they take the broader way. That the Church is in the world, like a Ship in the Sea; the elect in the Church, like *Ionas* amongſt the Mariners. That to mend this, is to cheate the Devill, to turne man the right ſide outward, and ſet the ſoule foremoſt againe. That the ſoule may be too ranke too, if wee looke not to it: and ſo a *Puritaine* oftentimes meetes a *Papiſt* in ſuperſtition another way. That to binde from and to indifferent things, is equall, though it bee thought otherwiſe. That ſome, out of a good meaning, have fallen this way into a vice. That theſe faults are more ſubtill; and therefore leſſe perceived, and leſſe to bee blamed; but as dangerous as the other, if they take head. That the rule is in all things,

the

the body and the ſoule muſt goe together, but the better before. That wee have contended ſo long about the body of Religion, that ſome men thought it was dead. That ſo *Atheiſts* are come into the Church, and that it will bee as hard to caſt them out, as Devils. That thoſe which have thus broken the peace of *Ieruſalem*, are obliged to ſatisfaction; and thoſe which firſt gave them cauſe of amendment. That they are a good medicine one for another, and both a good Compoſition. That a pure *Biſhop* is the beſt government, if the pride on both ſides would let them know it. That all Controverſies, for the moſt part; leave the truth in the middle, and are factious at both ends. That the Church hath this good by them, they cleanſe the way for others, but not for themſelves. That ſincerity, in the cauſe of truth, is more worth then learning. That too much, and too little knowledge, have made the world mad. That wee have a

ſhorter

shorter t to it; and a surer way than *Drake* had over the world, if wee could find it out. That every man is a briefe of the whole; and as he is so, he is greater than a King. That every King is a briefe of his Land, and hee hath a *Patterne* of the government of it alwaies about him. That as the honour that hee gives unto his Nobles and Counsellors, is a charge; so is that which God gives him. That as he requires an account, so he must give. That he is the Image of God in his kingdome, as man is in the World. That therefore the Subjects owe him obedience, as the Creatures doe Man. That those that will not obey, are neither good Subjects, nor good men. That to obey well, is as great a thing as to governe, and more mens duties. That those that thinke not so, know not the Christians part, which is to suffer. That though States be naught, if they professe Religion, they may deliver many men safe to Heaven, though they goe not themselves, and so they are like bad Ministers.

ſters. That this is Gods uſe of both and of the world too, to convey his elect to their place. That the outward face of the Church hath but the ſame uſe, and the Elect are the Church themſelves. That they are the Temple of the holy Ghoſt,& therefore ought to luck down their Idols, and ſet up God there. That the Idols of theſe times, are Covetouſneſſe,Pride,Gluttony, Wantonneſſe,Hereſies,and ſuch like admiration & ſerving of our ſelves. That wee muſt make all time an occaſion of amendment,becauſe the devill makes it an occaſion to tempt. That he is a ſpirit, and therefore cunninger than we. That there is no way to reſiſt him, but by the Spirit of God, which is his Maſter. That this is the gift of God, which hee giveth to all that are his. That it is increaſed by the word,and held by humility and prayer. That Faith is the effect of it, and workes the aſſurance. That thus the underſtanding and will, which is the whole ſoule of man, is made up againe, and ſanctifies the body.

That

That ſo we are the members of Chriſt. That our Head is in Heaven, as a pawne, that where he is, wee ſhall bee. That there is no opinion but knowledge; for it is the Science of ſoules, and God the teacher.

Newes from the bed.

THat the bed is the beſt Rendevou of mankind, and the moſt neceſſary ornament of a Chamber. That Souldiers are good Antiquaries in keeping the old faſhion; for the firſt bed was the bare ground. That a mans pillow is his beſt Counſeller. That *Adam* lay in ſtate, when the Heaven was his Canopie. That the naked truth is, *Adam* and *Eve* lay without ſheetes. That they were either very innocent, verie ignorant, or very impudent, they were

were not aſhamed the heavens ſhould ſee them lie without a coverlet. That it is likely *Eve* ſtudied Aſtronomie, which makes the poſterity of her Sex ever ſince to lie on their backes.. That the circumference of the bed is nothing ſo wide as the convex of the heavens, yet it containes a whole world. That the five Sences are the greateſt ſleepers. That a ſlothfull man is but a reaſonable Dormouſe. That the ſoule ever awakes to watch the body. That a jealous man ſleepes dog-ſleepe. That ſleepe makes no difference betweene a Wiſe man and a Foole. That for all times ſleepe is the beſt bedfellow. That the Devill and miſchiefe ever awake. That love is a dreame. That the prepoſterous hopes of ambitious men are like pleaſing dreames, fartheſt off when awake. That the bed payes *Venus* more cuſtome then all the world beſide. That if dreames and wiſhes had beene all true, there had not beene ſince Poperie, one Maide to make a Nun of.

That

That the ſecure man ſleepes ſoundly, and is hardly to be awak't. That the charitable man dreames of building Churches, but ſtarts to thinke the ungodlier Courtier will pull them downe againe. That ſleepers were never dangerous in a State. That there is a naturall reaſon, why Popiſh Prieſts chuſe the bed to confeſſe their women upon, for they hold it neceſſarie, that humiliation ſhould follow ſhrift. That if the bed ſhould ſpeake all it knowes, it would put many to the bluſh. That it is fit the bed ſhould know more than paper.

R. S.

Newes from Shipboord.

THat Repentance without amendment, is like continuall pumping, without mending the leake. That hee that lives without Religion, ſayles without a Compaſſe. That the wantonneſſe of

of a peaceable Common-wealth, is like the playing of the Porpeſſe before a ſtorme. That the fooſe is Sea-ſick in a Calme, but the wiſe mans ſtomack endures all weathers. That paſſions in a fooſe, are Ordnance broken looſe in a ſtorme, that alter their property of offending others, and ruine himſelfe. That good Fortunes are a ſoft quick-ſand, adverſity a rock, both equally dangerous. That vertue is in poverty a ready rigd Ship, that lies wind-bound. That good faſhion in a man, is like the Pilot in a Ship, that doth moſt with leaſt force. That a Fooles tongue is like the buye of an Anchor, you ſhall finde his heart by it whereſoever it lyes. Wiſdome makes uſe of the croſſes of this world, as a skilfull Pilot of Rocks for Sea-markes to ſaile by.

H. R.

Newes from the Chimney-corner.

THat wit is Bruſh-wood, judgement Timber: the one gives the greateſt flame, the other yeelds the durableſt heat, and both meeting makes the beſt fire. That Bawdes and Atturneyes are Andirons that uphold their Clyents, till they burne each other to aſhes: they receive warmth by theſe; theſe by them their deſtruction. That a wiſe rich man is like the backe or ſtocke of the Chimney, and his wealth the fire; he receives it not for his owne need, but to reflect the heat to others good. That Houſe-keeping in England is ſaine from a great fire in a hot Summers day, to boughs in the Chimney all Winter long. That mans reaſon in matter of Faith is fire, in the firſt degree of his aſcent flame, next ſmoake, and then nothing. A young fel-

ſellow falne in love with a whore, is ſaid to be falne aſleepe in the Chimney corner. He that leaves his friend for his wench, forſakes his bed to ſet up and watch a coale. That the covetous rich man onely freezes before the fire. That Choler is an ill gueſt, that piſſes in the Chimney for want of a Chamber-pot. That chaſte Beauty is like the bellowes, whoſe breath is cold, yet makes others burne. That he that expounds the Scriptures upon the warrant of his owne ſpirit only, layes the brands together without Tongs, and is ſure (at leaſt) to burne his owne fingers. That the Lover keeps a great fire in's houſe all the yeare long. That devotion, like fire in froſtie weather, burnes hotteſt in affliction. That ſuch Fryers as flye the world for the trouble of it, lye in bed all day in Winter to ſpare fire-wood. That a covetous man is a Dog in a wheele, that toiles to roaſt meat for other mens eating. That Pagans worſhipping the Sunne, are ſaid to hold their hands to the Glo-worme

in ſtead of a coale for heat. That a Wiſe mans heart is like a broad hearth that keeps the coales (his paſſions) from burning the houſe. That good deeds, in this life, are coales raked up in embers, to make a fire next day.

Paradoxes, as they were ſpoken in a Maske, and preſented before his Majeſty at White-Hall:

Maſculine.

1 HE cannot bee a Cuckold that weares a Gregorian. } For a Perriwig cannot fit ſuch a head.

2 A Knight of the long Robe is more honorable than a Knight made in the field. } For Furres are dearer than Spurs.

3 A Drunkard is a good Philoſopher. } For hee thinkes all right: the World goes round.

4 The Devill cannot take Tobacco through his Nose. } For Saint Dunſton ſeared up that with his tongs.

5 *A Shoomaker is the fittest man in the parish to make a Constable.* — *For hee (virtute officii) may put a man into the stocks and ease him at last.*

6 *A Prisoner is the best Fencer.* — *For ever he lies at a close ward.*

7 *An elder brother may bee a wise man.* — *For bee hath wherwithall to purchase experience at any rate.*

8 *Burgomasters ought not to weare furre Gowns at Midsummer.* — *For they may so bring in the sweating sickness.*

9 *A Cutpurse is the surest trade.* — *For his worke is no sooner done, but his money is in his hand.*

Feminine.

10 *It is better to marry a widdow than a maid.* — For Causa patet.

11 *Down-*

11 *Downe-right language is the best to winne a woman.* — *For plaine dealing is a Jewell, and there is no Lady but desires to have her.*

12 *If a woman with child long to lie with another man, her husband must consent.* — *For if hee will not, she will doe it without him.*

13 *A painted Ladie best fits a Captaine.* — *For so both may fight under their colours.*

14 *Rich widows were ordained for younger brethren.* — *For they being borne to no lands, must plough in another mans soile.*

15 *'Tis dangerous to marry a widow.* — *For she hath cast her Rider.*

16 *It is good for a young Popish wench to marry an old man.* — *For she shall be sure to keepe all fasting nights.*

17 *A dangerous secret is safely kept in a womans bosome.* — *For no wiseman will search for it there.*

18 *A woman of learning and tongues, is an admirable creature.* } *For a Starling that can speake is a present for an Emperour.*

19 *A great Lady should not weare her owne haire.* } *For that is too meane, as a coat of her owne spinning.*

20 *A faire womans Necke should stand awry.* } *For so shee lookes as if shee look't for a kisse.*

21 *Women love fish better than flesh.* } *For they will have place, whatsoever they pay for it.*

Newter.

22 *An Usurer is the best Christian.* } *For* Quantum nummorum in arca, tantũ habet & fidei.

23 *The best bodies should weare the meanest habits.* } *For painted cloathes were made to hide bare walls.*

24 *It is better to be a begger than to bee a Merchant.* — *For all the world lies open to his trafique, and yet he paies no Custome.*

25 *'Tis more safe to bee drunke with the Hop, than with the Grape.* — *For a man should be more inward with his Countreyman than with a stranger.*

26 *A man deepe in debt should bee as deep in drinke.* — *For Bacchus cancels all manner of obligations.*

27 *Plaiers houses are more necessary in a well govern'd Commonwealth, than schooles.* — *For men are better taught by example, than precept.*

28 *Tavernes are more requisite in a Countrey then Academies.* — *For it is better that the multitude were loving than learned.*

29 *A Tobacco-Shop and a Bawdy house are Co-incidents.* — *For smoak is not without fire.*

30 *Wealth is better then wit.* — *For few Poets have had the fortune to bee chosen Aldermen.*

31 *Marriage frees a man from care.* — *For then his wife takes all upon her.*

32 *A kennell of Hounds is the best consort.* — *For they need no tuning from morning to night.*

33 *The Court makes better schollers than the Universities.* — *For when the King vouchsafes to bee a Teacher, every man blushes to be a non-proficient.*

34 *A nimble Page is more usefull for a Lady than a long Gentleman-usher.* — *For a Sparrow is more active than a bald Buzzard.*

35 *'Tis better to bee a Coward than a Captaine.* — *For a Goose lives longer than a Cocke of the Game.*

The

The Mountebankes Receipts.

An approved Receipt against Melancholy Feminine.

IF any Lady be sick of the Sullens, she knowes not where, let her take a handfull of simples, I know not what, and use them, I know not how, applying them to the place grieved, I know not which, and shee shall bee cured, I know not when.

Against the Scurvy.

If any Scholler be troubled with an Itch or breaking out, which in time may prove Scurvy; let him first forbeare clawing

clawing and fretting meats, and then purge choler, but by any meanes upwards.

For restoring Gentlemen-ushers Legs.

If any Gentleman-usher have the consumption in his Legs, let him feed lustily upon Veale, two months in the Spring time, and forbeare all manner of Mutton, and he shall increase in the Calfe.

For the Tentigo.

If any be troubled with the *Tentigo*, let him travell to *Japan*; or because the Forrest of *Turnbolia* is of the same Altitude and Elevation of the Pole, and at hand, let him hunt there for his recreation, and it shall be done in an instant.

For a Felon.

If any bee troubled with a *Felon* on his finger, whereby hee hath lost the lawfull use of his hand; let him but once use

uſe the exerciſe of ſwinging and ſtretch himſelfe upon the ſoveraigne Tree of *Tyburnia*, and it will preſently kill the *Felon*.

For a Tympany.

If a Virgin be ſo ſick of *Cupid*, that the diſeaſe is growne to a *Tympany*, let her with all ſpeed poſſible remove her ſelfe, changing Aire for forty weekes at leaſt, keeping a ſpare diet as ſhe travels, alwaies after uſing lawfull exerciſes, till ſhee bee married, and then ſhe is paſt danger.

For Barrenneſſe.

If any Lady be married, yet childleſſe, let her firſt deſire to be a mother, and eat to her breakfaſt a new laid Egge in a ſpoonefull of Goats-milke, with a ſcruple of Ambergreeſe, and at ſupper feed on a *Henne*, troden but by one *Cocke*; and above all things let her avoyd hurrying in *Coaches*, eſpecially on the ſtones; and aſſuming a finer mold, then Nature meant

meant her, and no doubt ſhee ſhall fructifie.

For the falling ſickneſſe.

If any woman bee troubled with the Falling ſickneſſe, let her firſt forbeare Phyſicke, eſpecially Suppoſitories and Gliſters: neither let her travell Weſtward Ho, becauſe ſhee muſt avoyd the *Ile* of *Man*. And for that it is an evill Spirit entred into her, let her for a Charme, have alwaies her legs acroſſe, when ſhee is not walking, and this will helpe her.

For a Rupture.

If any Merchant be troubled with a Rupture in the bowels of his Eſtate, ſo that he cannot go abroad, let him decoct Gold from a Pound to a Noble; taking the broth thereof from ſix moneths to ſixe moneths, and he ſhall be as able a man as ever he was.

The

The Mountebankes Song.

IS any deafe? Is any blinde?
Is any bound or loose behinde?
Is any foule that would be faire?
Would any Lady change her haire?
Doe's any dreame? doe's any walke?
Or in his sleep affrighted talke?
I come to cure what ere you feele,
Within, without from head to heele.

Bee Drummes or Rattles in thy head?
Are not thy braines well tempered?
Doe's Eolus thy Stomack gnaw?
Or breed there vermine in thy maw?
Dost thou desire and cannot please?
Lo, here the best Canthárides,
I come to cure what ere you feele,
Within, without, from head to heele.

Even all diseases that arise,
From ill disposed crudities.

From

From too much ſtudy, too much paine,
From lazineſſe and from a ſtraine;
From any humour doing harme,
Be it dry, or moiſt, or cold, or warme.
Then come to me, what ere, &c.

Of lazy Gout, I cure the rich,
I rid the begger of the Itch,
I ſteame avvid both thick and thin,
I diſlocated joints put in,
I can old age to youth reſtore,
And doe a thouſands wonders more.
Then come to me, &c.

The ſecond Song.

MAids of the Chamber, or of the kitchin,
If you be troubled with an itchin,
Come, give but a kiſſe or two,
And here is that ſhall ſoone cure you.
Nor Galen, *nor* Hippocrates,
Did ever doe ſuch cures as theſe.

Cracke

Songs.

Crack: maids that cannot hold your water,
Or uſe to breake wind in your laughter;
Or be you vext with Kibes, with Cornes,
Ile cure, or Cuckolds of their hornes.
Nor Galen, *&c.*

*If lu*ſ*ty* Sis, *Maid of the dairy,*
Chance to be blew nipt by the Fairy;
For making butter with her taile,
Ile give her that did never faile.
Nor Galen, *nor, &c.*

Or if ſome miſchance betide her,
Or that the Night-mare over-ride her,
Or if ſhe tell all in a Dreame,
Ile helpe her for a meſſe of Creame.
Nor Galen, *nor, &c.*

The third Song.

HEer's water to quench maiden fires,
Heer's ſpirits for old occupiers,

Heer's

Heer's powder to preserve youth long,
Heer's oyle to make weake sinewes strong.
What is't you lack? what would you buy?
What is't that you doe need?
Come to me (Gallants) taste and try,
Heer's that will doe, will doe the deed.

This powder doth preserve from fate,
This cures the Maleficiate;
Lost maidenheads this doth restore,
And makes them virgins as before.
What is't you lacke, &c?

Heer's cure for bone-ach, feaver lurdens,
Unlawfull or untimely Burdens,
Diseases of all Sex, all Ages,
This medicine cureth or asswages.
What is't you lacke, &c?

I have receipts to cure the Gout,
To keepe Poxe in, or put them out,
To coole hot bloods, cold blood to warme,
Shall doe you (if no good) no harme.
What is't you lacke, &c?

FINIS.